

Children's Newspaper, December 13, 1930

The C.N. at Any House
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The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 612

Week Ending
DECEMBER 13, 1930

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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HANS ANDERSEN IN REAL LIFE

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Page*

A BANDIT IN CHINA

HOW LU CAME INTO HISTORY

Story of the Ruler of a Band of Brigands

A WARRIOR AND HIS GRANDFATHER

General Lu-Hsing-pang is a Chinese bandit who might have been a law-abiding country gentleman if it had not been for injustice. And this injustice, which drove him to evil ways, would never have happened if there had been a wise and good government in China.

When Lu inherited from his grandfather the family property of his ancestors it was heavily mortgaged, so he worked hard as a paper-maker until he had saved enough to pay off the loan. Then came a crushing disappointment. During the years in which he had been toiling the property had gone up in value; the wily mortgagee demanded a much larger sum of money before he would part with it. The local officials unjustly supported his claim, and poor Lu was swindled out of his ancestral patch of land.

Lu's Flight to the Hills

Not for long did the mortgagee enjoy his triumph. One night a band of ruffians visited him and burned his house down over him. Lu may or may not have been to blame, but he was suspected; he fled to the hills and joined one of the many bands of brigands. But he was such a failure at armed robbery and cold-blooded murder that he was made the cook to the bandits. His gift for organising soon earned for him the respect of his fellows; in fact, when the brigand chief died some years later he was chosen to succeed him.

Lu ruled this brigand community as if it were a little State. He divided out the revenue (gained by pillage and blackmail) as regular salaries to the bandits, and spent the remaining money on arms and munitions. His force became a thousand strong and his power grew, for Sun-Yat-Sen sought his help against the Central Government and gave him money to increase his numbers. He had almost made himself master of the whole of the province of Fukien when the Central Government made friends with this troublesome bandit by gazetted him as a General of the Republic; his division being his own collection of thieves and blackmailers, now wearing the national uniform.

Kidnapped at a Banquet

Lu's fame spread, and his help was in great demand by generals in other wars in China. To embarrass the Nanking Government a band of his ruffians kidnapped five of the legislators at a banquet, and a war which still drags on broke out between Lu and this Government. Missionaries inland were warned to retire to the coast when this fresh

Early Lambs



This picture from a Dorset farm shows a boy and girl who are clearly delighted with their new pets—two early lambs.

trouble started. It was while Lu's troops were engaged elsewhere that Miss Nettleton and Miss Harrison were imprisoned by Communists. Lu refused to intercede for "two old foreign women," but by the courage of some American missionaries who stayed, in spite of the danger, at Kienningfu permission was obtained from him for others to withdraw. Lu was glad to have a body of missionaries as hostages in case he should find himself in a tight corner.

That unhappy turning-point in the life of this extraordinary man has caused untold mischief.

Lu (whose story we have taken from *The Times*) might have been a fine character if he had been educated. He is a wonderful organiser; he respects the classics, and he has a certain piety, for he repairs temples and burns incense. It is said that he carries the embalmed remains of his grandfather with him wherever he goes, and continually consults the spirit of the departed. It is as though he has aspirations, and instinctively seeks for some higher help and guidance.

ELECTRIC EYES The Work They Are Doing for the World

Our old friend the Selenium Cell and its younger brother the Photo Cell are proving more useful every day.

Five new lighthouses and four small light stations are to be put up along the Spanish-Morocco coast, all fitted with "electric eyes," the sensitive devices which switch on the light at dusk and turn it off at dawn.

Another triumph for the photo cell is a device for measuring the purity of bitumen. It always happens that bitumen is mixed with asphalt, and it is important to know how much asphalt it contains. A specimen of bitumen is made into a liquid solution and a beam of light is passed through a measured thickness of it. The less asphalt there is, the less light gets through the liquid, and a photo cell picking up the light which gets through turns it into an electric current, the strength of which tells the chemist the exact degree of purity in the sample.

CHANGES COMING OVER TRADE

MORE SELLERS AND FEWER PRODUCERS

A Transformation in the Nation's Commercial Life

SERIOUS OUTLOOK

The fact that most of our people are insured against unemployment furnishes us, through the Ministry of Labour, with important accounts of the trades in which they work.

It is a very striking fact that in the last seven years the proportion of people engaged in the distributing trades has gained largely, while some engaged in manufacturing trades have fallen.

In the distributing trades in July, 1923, there were 1,254,000 insured; this year the number has risen to 1,764,000. It seems almost impossible

Trades That Have Gained

Other trades which have gained are those connected with building construction. Thus building in the period referred to gained over 120,000 workers, while brick and tile-making gained 22,000, and paint and varnish-making 6000.

There was also a big rise in laundry-work, dyeing, and cleaning, those trades showing a gain of 33,000.

The printing and publishing trades also showed a considerable increase, of 45,000 workers. Another big rise was in motor-vehicles and cycles, where the increase was 56,000. It is notable also that furniture-makers rose by 31,000. Another considerable increase is in the workers in hotels and boarding-houses who rose by nearly 100,000.

All these increases, however, look small beside the enormous rise in the distributing workers. Indeed, if we take all the insured together, the rise between July, 1923, and July, 1930, was from 11,486,000 workers to 12,406,000, so that the total increase was 920,000. It follows that far more than half the increase for all trades for the whole country was due to the distributing trades alone.

Where Figures Have Fallen

Many important trades showed decline in the same period. The biggest fall was in coal-mining, from 1,244,000 to 1,069,000.

Shipbuilding showed a decline of 66,000 workers. There was also a fall in iron and steel of over 30,000. We regret to see, too, that general engineering fell by 74,000. Wool manufacture fell by 29,000.

Taking these figures as a whole, they cannot be regarded with satisfaction. It is by no means good that engineering appears to be gaining at the expense of manufacturing, and the fall in some of our finest trades—coal, iron, steel, wool, cotton, ships, and engineering—is a very serious thing.

TREASURE OF NORTH SEA WATERS

A Little Surprise for California

ENGLISH FISHERMEN AND THEIR TUNNIES

By Our Natural Historian

Photographs often reach us showing the wonder of the waters of the New World, men in little boats catching huge tunny fish which Americans fondly believe to be the largest of all tunnies.

An amusing thing has happened. This year English fishermen, casting anchor fifty miles from Scarborough, have entirely eclipsed the land of big things. They have caught English tunnies nearly three times as large as the largest ever seen in California.

Startling the World

Tunnies are not quite the novelty which some people suppose them to be in British waters. They have been caught for many years, rather by accident than design, off the Cornish and Irish coasts. But from information received, as the police say, Yorkshire fishermen set out in deliberate quest of tunnies, and they have startled the world. The biggest Californian tunny ever landed weighed 251 pounds; three caught in the North Sea this year have weighed 560 pounds, 630 pounds, and 735 pounds.

These visitors to our waters are natives of the Mediterranean, swimming in pursuit of herrings and mackerel up the North Sea, round the north of Scotland, and down by Ireland back to the Mediterranean, the route of the Spanish Armada and of the Roman galleys sent by Agricola.

So the North Sea, the richest fishing ground in the world, contains from time to time more living treasure than we imagine. When its records are examined some of the fishes discovered and thought to be occasional visitors, but which may indeed be regular migrants, are fishes we associate with distant seas.

A Great Find

Thus periodically we catch the Arctic chimera, two species of tunny, three species of bonito; the remora, which is sometimes attached to rare sharks and is sometimes part of the undigested meal of their intended hosts; flying fish, sword-fish, bellows-fish, file-fish, and a score of others which no naturalist associates with British seas.

Perhaps the greatest find of all was made four years ago when, off the coast of Ireland, a sea-going naturalist caught one of the most extraordinary of all the light-giving deep-sea fishes, which ranges down to a depth of 15,000 feet. Its light proves to be derived from a slimy fluid of known properties, and is so powerful that, even when dissolved in water, a little of it enabled a newspaper to be read by its light. E. A. B.

A DINNER TABLE ROUND THE WORLD

What may be described as a dinner table all round the world was arranged the other day when 11,000 workpeople of the Heinz Company sat down at the same moment in many countries to a dinner, the same dinner being served everywhere, and the same speeches made.

The banquets in Canada, Australia, France, Germany, Spain, and Belgium, and in many big towns of England, were linked together by land lines or wireless, and the speeches were broadcast, so that all the guests listened to them. At one dinner there were 3500 people seated.

As the dinners were all served at the same time it happened, of course, that in some countries the guests had to dine at a very unusual hour!

HANS ANDERSEN IN REAL LIFE

The Little Match Seller of Star Street

*When Love comes in at the door
Poverty flies out at the window.*

It is a kindly old world after all. Little old Miss Pulfer is sure of it.

Let us consider her tale as Mr Bingley, the magistrate at Marylebone Police Court, told it. The police court magistrates have to listen to many sad and bad stories, but by way of compensation they can sometimes bring one to a happy ending.

Miss Pulfer's story began sadly. She was very, very poor and a cripple. Each day she sallied out from her meagre room in Star Street to sell matches to keep body and soul together.

Seventeen years of match-selling, day in and day out, rain or fog—it was not a life with many roseate prospects. But you must not think Miss Pulfer was very sorry for herself. Not she; she could pay her rent!

For seventeen years she paid it, till there came a day when the match-selling business fell into the state of a depressed industry. It did not bring in enough to pay for her room.

The Kind Landlord

The landlord was kind; he knew all about his old tenant, and he let her stay on for another three months without paying. Then, seeing that there was no other way to help her, he brought Miss Pulfer and her troubles to the police court.

The hard case got into the papers. The obscure little cripple came into the light of publicity, and, behold, it turned into golden sunshine.

Gifts of money from people who had read about her poured in, shillings, half-crowns, a cheque for £20. There was one ten-shilling note which was the very essence of true charity, for it was the gift of a woman who was herself an old-age pensioner. From her thinly-lined pocket she had contrived to extract ten shillings to help someone who was even poorer than herself.

Added together, the subscriptions came to £300, and Miss Pulfer is now a kind of rich woman. The rent of her room is safe for ever.

The meagre little room in Star Street, off Edgware Road, is not a home of luxury, but Miss Pulfer must think it is all glorious within, for once again it is true that when love came in at the door poverty flew out of the window.

AN ARCTIC EPOCH PASSES BY

Sverdrup, Last of Three

He was with Nansen.

Captain Otto Sverdrup, who has not long survived his old friend and companion of the Arctic, would not have wished a better epitaph.

With Nansen he went on that first great crossing of Greenland which the explorers undertook in face of every protest that the task was impossible. With Nansen he sailed in the epic voyage of the Fram.

When Nansen left the Fram in his intrepid attempt to reach the Pole over the ice of the frozen ocean he knew he could safely leave Sverdrup to carry on. Carry on he did, and he brought the Fram safely to its appointed goal.

The death of this last survivor of the great Arctic explorers closes a noble chapter. Nansen, Amundsen, Sverdrup are all gone. A new generation, equipped with airship, aeroplane, and submarine, will continue the work they launched with wooden ship and sledge.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Fukien Foo-ke-en
Jan Mayen Yahn My-en
Melanesia Mella-nee-she-ah
Valona Vah-lo-nah

IS LONDON TO HAVE YET MORE SMOKE?

Where Power Stations Should Stand

Written in a London Fog

We are glad to see that the L.C.C. has taken up arms in defence of London's health.

The Electricity Commissioners have applied to the Fulham Council for permission to erect a power station in their borough. The guardians of London's health have pointed out that the smoke, grit, and poisonous fumes from such a station would be carried over the city and bring sickness and loss of vitality to its inhabitants.

From the earliest days London and other English towns have always spread westward because the prevailing winds are from the south-west, and whenever we can we try to live out of the smoke.

In our new garden cities the fume and smoke-belching factories and power stations are always placed on the eastern boundary, and it is suggested that this new station should be erected nearer the mouth of the Thames.

£100,000 IN HIS RIGHT HAND

But His Left Hand Does Not Know

Sir William Foot Mitchell is a happy man today. He is the treasurer of a new pension fund for our District Nurses.

The magnificent sum of £100,000 has been given by a man who in the true Christian spirit has refused to let his left hand know what his good right hand has done. As Sir William Mitchell puts it, *he wanted to do good with his money.*

This unknown good man has perceived, as indeed we all have perceived, the self-sacrificing way in which the District Nurse performs her long and arduous work, cycling from one home of sickness to another from early morning till far into the night. There is no finer body of women among us; they nobly deserve the peace and security in the evening of life that a pension can give.

The C.N. earnestly hopes that the fund so splendidly started will increase a hundredfold.

ONE GARRISON LESS

British Army Leaves the Channel Islands

The British Army no longer garrisons the Channel Islands, for the last unit of our Regulars sailed home last month.

For some reason, strange indeed to us today, the Channel Islands in 1204 declared for our miserable King John and, except for a few years, have ever since belonged to England.

From time to time the French attacked the islands, and from the seventeenth century regiments of our Regular army have garrisoned them. A painting by John Copley in the Tate Gallery records the death of Major Pierson, who fell defending Jersey against the French in 1781.

In these happier days we are not likely to come to blows with our French neighbours, and this withdrawal of our forces is a small contribution to the League of Peace.

THE OLD MONK'S SKULL

Thieves With Bad Taste

There are thieves about with antiquarian and gruesome tastes, for how otherwise can we account for the theft of the skull of an old monk from Wardley Hall, Worsley?

Locked in a glass case, in a niche by the staircase of this 400-year-old building, rested this skull of a Benedictine monk executed 300 years ago. The thieves examined the more valuable contents of other drawers, but left them all behind and took the skull.

Alas, poor Yorick!

A HILLTOP TO SEE

NINE FINE ACRES OF THE PEAK

The New National Possession Given by Somebody Unknown

GREAT VIEW-POINT

Many people have been going afresh to see a Derbyshire hilltop during the last few weeks.

An unknown gentleman has just presented the hilltop to the nation. He must be a happy man today. Something of his delightful personality was apparent in the words engraved on a brass tablet.

One who loved the hills gave this hilltop to those who come after him, in the hope that they may enjoy it as he did. Hail and farewell!

Just below the hilltop is an old disused quarry, and at the place where this quarry opens to a road is a pinnacle of rock left standing in the days when the quarry was opened centuries ago. It is some forty feet high and provides a happy hunting-ground for amateur rock climbers from all parts of the north Midlands. The brass tablet has been let into the pinnacle, known as the Alport Stone. Behind it, on the very summit of the hill, a large cairn has been erected.

Where the Wrekin Cuts the Blue

The Alport Hill is on the southern extremity of the Peak District of Derbyshire, and from its summit, when the weather is clear enough, there is a view such as it would be hard to surpass. Glinting in the distance to the north-west we see the River Mersey. To the west of the river, and almost as far away, the Wrekin in Shropshire cuts the blue of the sky with its unmistakable shape. In the opposite direction are the spires of Southwell Cathedral. Between these two points, almost due south, are the gracefully-wooded slopes of Charnwood Forest. To the north, rising one behind the other, are the rugged peaks of the Peak District.

The hill is 1034 feet high at its summit, and there is always a strong wind blowing over it. It is one of the beauty spots beloved of poets and painters. The ordinary man cannot visit it without feeling some quickening of the pulse. It is good to have it secure against vandalism for all time, especially as the hilltop is only part of a nine-acre space which was included in the gift.

THINGS SAID

We prefer giving to gambling.

Appeal Secretary of London Hospital

I like coming to England; everyone makes it pleasant for me. M Chaliapine

Edison falls asleep as soon as he ceases to be interested. Mr Ford

Our aim is not to amuse the goats, but to feed the sheep. Rev E. H. G. Sargant

Perjury was never more rife than now. Mr Justice McCardie

In the far-off days of youth I once breakfasted with Robert Browning.

Mr E. B. Osborn

I could almost say of her that the flowers will miss her.

Sylvia Lynd on Grace Rhys

As a child I was punished because having learned to drop the *l* in would, I pronounced *world word*. Mr George Porter

There were days when sailors were taken off ships and sold at £8 a man to ships waiting for crews. Mr John Masfield

We have millions of idle acres and millions of idle workers.

Mr Arthur Shepherd, M.P.

Half the Governments of the future will draw Cabinet Ministers from boys and girls in elementary schools.

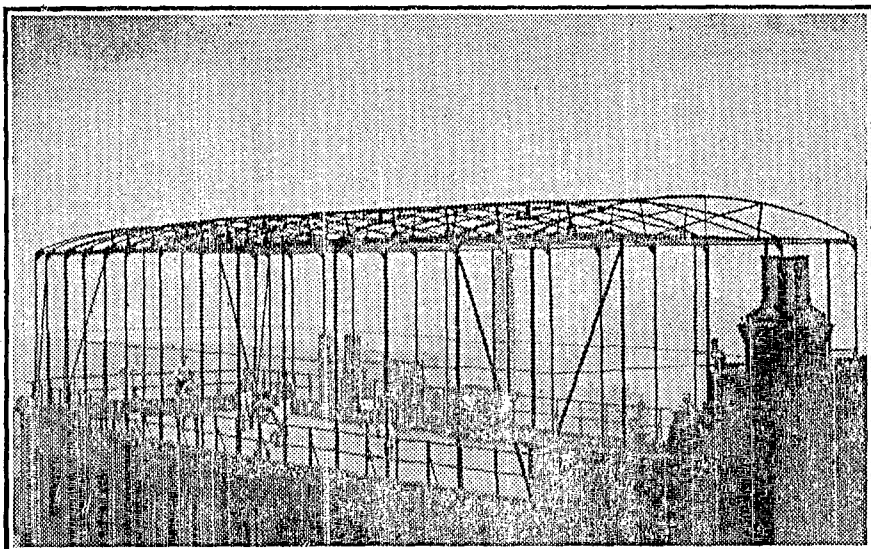
Sir Donald Maclean

December 13, 1930

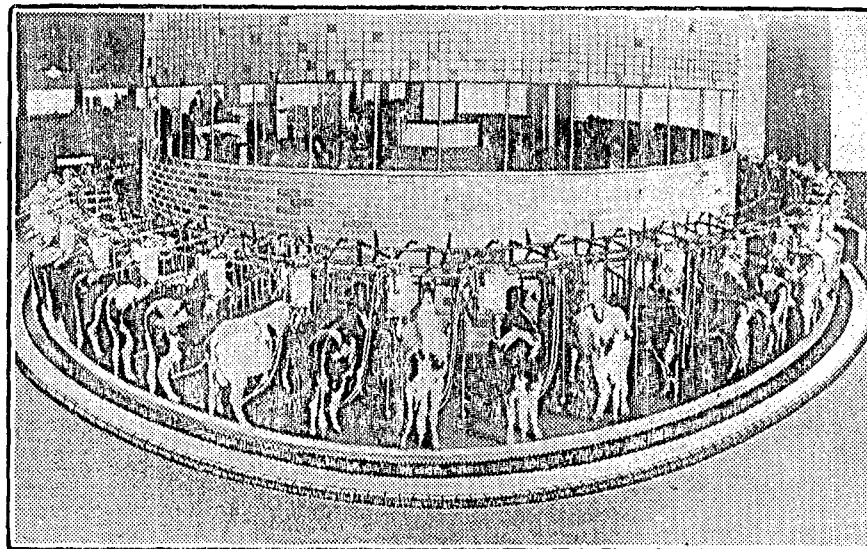
The Children's Newspaper

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ROOF FOOTBALL · THE MACHINE AGE IN THE DAIRY · TRAIN WIRELESS



Roof Football—Football pitches being difficult to obtain in the heart of London, the roof of a boy's club in Bermondsey has been caged in so that the game may be played in safety. Lights have been installed to enable the game to be played after dark.



The Rotolactor—This wonderful new machine for milking cows has just been invented at the Borden Research Foundation in New Jersey. The platform on which the cows stand revolves once in 12½ minutes, during which time the animals are washed, dried, and milked.



On Wheels—Skating along the promenade has become very popular with the children of Weston-super-Mare. This girl is enjoying a spin in spite of wind and rain.



Toilet Time—Doris, the Zoo lioness, is here seen cleaning one of her three cubs. The little one appears to object very strongly to the ordeal.



Amid the Snow—The winter sports season will soon be in full swing on the Continent. Here is a young expert on skis at a carnival in Sweden.



Sorting Eggs—In a big dairy at Ealing this machine grades, sorts, and stamps with various marks more than 40,000 eggs a day. Breakages amount to only one egg in five thousand.



Wireless on a Train—Passengers on this L.N.E.R. train may now listen-in to wireless programmes. Earphones in carriages or dining saloon may be hired for one shilling.

COUGHS AND COLDS AT THE ZOO

PEGGIE'S TEMPERATURE CHART

Gay Winter Coats for the Chimpanzees

THE RIBBON GAME

By Our Zoo Correspondent

When winter takes possession of the Zoo, and colds become the fashion among the animals, sad sights are to be seen in the Gardens.

The monkeys look pathetic when they are rubbing their watering eyes and huddling against the hot-water pipes to try to cheer themselves up. Old animals suffering from rheumatism and stiff joints seem to be protesting mournfully about the discomforts of our climate.

In the hospital patients of every description are being treated for ailments, for even birds and reptiles as well as mammals can catch pneumonia. When the patient is a bird little can be done for him except to keep him warm and away from draughts; and when the patient is a snake his trouble is rarely suspected until it is too late; but an ape or a monkey is treated as a sick human being.

Nursed Like a Child

Peggie, the youngest of the performing chimpanzees, is recovering from a bad attack of bronchial pneumonia, and during her illness she was nursed like a child. The windows of her sickroom were left open to give her fresh air, but the room was heated to a high temperature. A bronchitis kettle never ceased steaming by her bed, and Peggie was warmly wrapped up in blankets. Day and night one of her keepers remained with her to give her medicine. And when at last Peggie began to get a little better, and was tired of lying in bed, her keeper nursed her in his arms to prevent her from suffering a relapse.

For when a young ape becomes seriously ill the chances of recovery are usually very slight, for these creatures feel too depressed to try to get better. Peggie's recovery, therefore, is regarded as rather wonderful, and she is now receiving so much petting that when she returns to her companions in the Monkey House they will probably find her rather spoiled. Her doctors still visit her regularly to have a game with her, and to show her her temperature chart, on which her name is duly inscribed, Miss Peggie Chimpanzee.

Indoor Tea-Parties

When Peggie has passed her convalescence the three performing chimpanzees are to hold their tea-parties again. Until this year the parties have only taken place on dry days during the summer months (for the apes performed on one of the lawns), but arrangements have now been made for them to be provided with an indoor stage in the main restaurant.

As the young apes will have to walk from the Monkey House to the restaurant, on cold days they are to wear sleeveless wrap-over jackets to keep them warm.

These coats are dark blue, gaily trimmed with pale blue ribbons, and the three chimpanzees will give the onlookers an extra entertainment by helping one another to put their jackets on and off! They cannot tie the ribbon fastenings, but they never miss an opportunity of undoing the bows as soon as the keeper has tied them!

THE CHILDREN'S THEATRE

Two jolly Jacks will be in London during the Christmas holidays, and can be seen any afternoon at the Children's Theatre in Endell Street.

This splendid little theatre opens again on December 23. Jack and the Beanstalk will be played at 2.15, and The House That Jack Built, with many other new and old favourites, at 5.45.

BOOKS WE LIKE

This England, and Other Things of Beauty. By F. J. Gould (Watts. 5s).

Our friend Mr F. J. Gould has added one more to his list of books. It is, like all Mr Gould's books, an excellent thing for all who teach and all who learn. There are stories which fill us with hope and courage and stir all that is best within us, and there is especially the love of beauty and the countryside. We wish the book much success.

The Heavens and the Universe. By Dr Oswald Thomas (Allen and Unwin. 7s 6d).

Dr Thomas is a lecturer on astronomy at Vienna who for many years has given open-air lectures on the heavens. He has now put these into a little book which, with its quaint sketches and simple diagrams, will appeal to all who are interested in the old facts and new theories of the Sun, Moon, and stars. We would sit up half the night to finish it.

The Sweep and the Daffodil. By Mabel Constanduros (Alston Rivers. 3s 6d).

Those who enjoy the inimitable Mabel Constanduros on the wireless will be glad to know of this little book of rhymes she has published, with clever pictures by Harry Folkard.

The Twin Umbrellas. By Marjorie Wilson (A. & C. Black. 3s 6d).

Someone challenged Miss Marjorie Wilson to write a good story out of so dull a subject as an umbrella, and she took up the challenge, with the result that we have this most entertaining story of an unusual adventure. It is a dainty little book for Christmas, charmingly illustrated by Mary Ball.

St Palfrey's Cross. By Gunby Hadath (Cassell. 5s).

One of the most exciting serial stories Mr Gunby Hadath has written for the C.N., this makes an attractive book. It is well illustrated in colour, and should make a welcome present.

ELECTRIC FRIEND FOR THE HOSPITALS

Something New

Most of us have seen the silent trucks running about the platforms of railway stations. They are driven by electric batteries and silent motors, and have greatly relieved the work of porters.

The same idea has now been applied to hospitals and electric trucks are being made to take meals from the kitchens to the wards, to transport laundry and stores, and to move beds.

A most ingenious electric truck has been invented which can be run under a bedstead and made to raise the bed gently above the floor, so that the whole thing can be motored to an operating room or another ward.

These new trucks are not only a source of great comfort to the patients, but they relieve the nurses of a great deal of very hard work.

JOHN TYLDESLEY'S STRAIGHT BAT

Lancashire will sorely miss John Tyldesley, the cricketer who was long her mainstay as a batsman and a shining example in the long field.

Though he had given up playing for the county, leaving a nephew in his place to carry on the family tradition, he had for a number of years coached young Lancashire talent, and he always had a shrewd and kindly word to spare for players of the game.

When Dr W. G. Grace first saw him play in the nineties of last century the old champion said the lad would do if he kept a straight bat.

He kept a straight bat for a quarter of a century after that, and for nearly 20 years never made fewer than 1000 runs a season, and once over 3000. A fine man was J. T., and modest too.

ANCIENT ARTISTS

Pictures From the Old World

EARLY MAN'S LOVE OF ART

A startling story was told by Professor A. H. Sayce when he delivered the Huxley Memorial Lecture the other day.

His subject was the Antiquity of Civilised Man, and he argued that civilisation was much older than historians thought. Man had invented language and become an artist at a time which could not be measured even by thousands of years.

This was brought home to him, he said, when he stumbled upon a huge boulder of sandstone in Upper Egypt.

It was in the midst of a wadi, a dry bed of a torrent, and the high-water mark of the stream was plain upon it. Above this mark were drawings of elephants, giraffes, and ostriches which had weathered to the colour of the stone, while over them had been cut hieroglyphic inscriptions which looked perfectly fresh.

The Prehistoric Sahara

It was easy to see how immensely older were the drawings than the inscriptions. Their outlines had been chipped round with a flint tool, but even so the difference between them and the hieroglyphics was startling. Besides, ostriches had ceased to exist in Egypt when the hieroglyphic script was first known in its present form. Also, the professor knew that the inscriptions, which belonged to the Eleventh Dynasty, must be between 4000 and 5000 years old. How old, then, were the pictures?

When the torrent flowed past the boulder a great jungle threaded by streams covered the Sahara. What is now desert then blossomed like the rose. And in those prehistoric days there were men who looked about on the animal world with the same artist's delight as filled the minds of Rosa Bonheur or Edwin Landseer.

It is pleasant to think that Early Man, whose life was so hard and dangerous, had the love of art which is to many people today one of life's chief consolations.

THE JAN MAYEN WEATHER MAN

Ruler of Norway's New Island

A thousand miles due north of Ireland, midway between Iceland and Spitzbergen, lies a black and desolate island bearing the name of Jan Mayen, the Dutch navigator who visited it in 1611, in days when Shakespeare was alive.

Four years earlier our gallant Henry Hudson had discovered it and named it Hudson's Tatches—a queer way of spelling Touches. Our old navigator may well have rubbed his eyes when he first saw it, for rising from the island is an extinct volcano over 8000 feet high, with immense glaciers and frozen waterfalls flashing in the sun and giving it the appearance of a fairy mountain.

Until a few years ago Jan Mayen Island was uninhabited, and its wild birds were only occasionally disturbed by the visits of seal hunters and fishermen. Then the Norwegian Meteorological Institute set up a weather forecast station on the island. So useful has this station proved to the world that last year Norway decided to add the island to its State and appointed the manager of the station as Magistrate in Control.

Norway, being one of the most courteous of all countries, wrote to us about it, and our Government has replied recognising Norway's sovereignty. Norway has just written thanking us for our friendly attitude.

We can only hope that the Jan Mayen Weather Man will in future send us down some better weather from his fairy mountain.

AN INJUSTICE TO MANY NATIONS

WAR DEBTS AND LOWER PRICES

Unfair Burden on Those Who Pay Their Way

SOMETHING SHOULD BE DONE

When the War Debts were incurred between the nations prices were high.

Prices rose continually through the war, so that Governments borrowing money, which really means borrowing goods, obtained very bad value. In return they promised to pay definite rates of interest. Accordingly, at the present time, the interest is being paid at the agreed rates.

But now prices have fallen so much that in the case of some articles they are even lower than before the war. It follows that the Governments now paying interest on war loans have really to pay a much higher rate of interest, because more goods have to be produced for the same amount of money.

A General Call for Adjustment

Thus, we are paying this year to the United States £38,000,000, but this represents much more real value in goods than £38,000,000 would buy at the time America lent us money to carry on the war. The same is true, of course, of the debts owed to us by Continental nations; they have to pay us more because prices have fallen.

So, too, with Australia. We lent money to Australia for war purposes and now Australia has to pay us what is really heavy interest because the prices of the goods she has to sell have fallen so heavily.

It is very unfair to Australia.

Consequently throughout the world there is arising a just claim that the interest on war loans should be adjusted because of the fall in prices. The bankers themselves are beginning to join in this plea. One of them has just said that the time has arrived when all interested in commerce should bring pressure to bear upon their Governments to deal with War Debts; if they are not altogether cancelled they should be adjusted to a basis varying with the price levels of commodities.

NELSON'S COTTAGE

The Chain of the Front Door

An old cottage has just come into the news again. Perhaps it is the most romantic cottage in England after Anne Hathaway's.

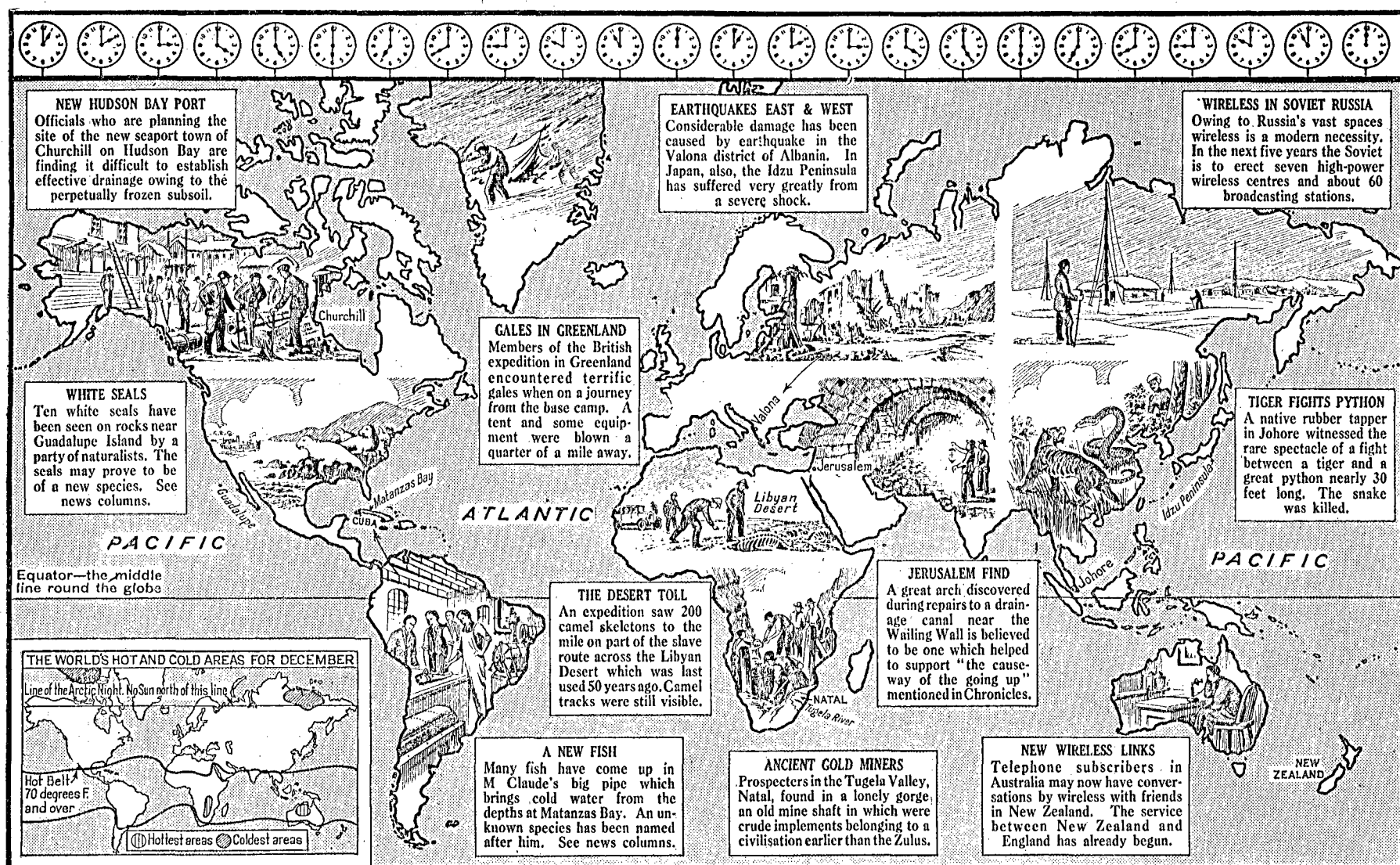
It has a splendid present as well as a past. It is one of a pair of cottages believed to be over 300 years old, and today they house the Deptford and Greenwich Babies Hospital. But there are touches about the hospital which are like no other hospital. The kitchen door is a cabin door, and the front door chain came from Nelson's Victory.

Long ago in Deptford's heyday Lord Nelson rented one of these cottages (Deptford has known both Nelson and Drake). Where Nelson used to live there are now twenty babies. But unluckily there are scores of sick babies outside the hospital waiting to come in. The hospital stands in one of the most crowded parts of London, and 20 beds are not enough. Princess Alice, one of the voluntary workers maintaining the hospital, is asking for help. They would be sorry to leave Nelson's cottage, yet 300-year-old cottages do not make ideal hospitals, and certainly 20 beds are not enough for the demand upon them.

But we hope Nelson's cottage will remain as a hostel for nurses, or an office, and that the Victory's chain will be used every night for centuries to come.

Over 30 kinds of flowers were picked in a Tipperary garden last month.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



TAKING PEKING

Much Sound and Fury and Many Telegrams

A C.N. traveller sends us from Peking this picture of the Chinese way of conducting a civil war.

China is as stirring, and at the same time as comical and tragic, an experience as I have ever had.

Manchurian troops ten thousand strong have "taken" Peking since I came. The retiring General was given a farewell lunch, and that evening he took the train for home—together with his cohorts.

Warfare in the good old style, my Chinese friends call it, conducted with much sound and fury by means of telegrams. But all the ordinary citizens wish for one thing only, the cessation of hostilities and an era of good government.

Teachers in Government schools still have half of last year's salary owing to them, and they say that even the police (on whom Peking greatly depends) get only about a fifth of their salary a month (about three shillings).

LONDON'S TELEPHONES

More and More and More

London telephone users are to have a two-volume directory next year.

The Controller has been giving some striking figures about the London service.

The number of subscribers in the London area has increased from 1500 fifty years ago to nearly half a million today, and the directory is becoming too big to handle. There are now 696,000 instruments in use, 420,000 more than at the end of the war. Nearly 700 million calls were made last year. There are three million miles of wire and 150 exchanges, of which 32 are automatic.

These figures show a great advance, but England has still far to go before she can be proud of her telephone system.

ON OR OF

£208 the Difference

This is the time of year when the father of the family looks on his Income Tax Assessment, and the prospect of paying it, with feelings that, to say the least, border on dislike.

He will also do well to examine it with a care not far removed from suspicion. The literary gentleman who draws up the printed forms is never very clear, but this year he has been careless of his prepositions.

According to a recent revelation by Lord Olivier he has so mixed up On with Of that "tax of earned income" seems to mean the tax which the Revenue demands on earned income. The difference in the amount to pay may amount to many pounds, and the balance is in favour of the Department which sends the bill. In Lord Olivier's form the difference was £208.

The Department is strictly honest, and its officials are the soul of politeness if and when the income tax payer goes to see them; but the forms sent out are often rude, nearly always unintelligible, and sometimes wrong.

On for Of is not a great blunder at first sight—but strange what a difference there can be twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee!

THE ELECTRIC LAMP

The remarkable progress of electricity in the United States can be measured by the sale of electric lamps.

In 1881 Edison sold no more than 35,000; now the sale reaches 600 millions a year.

When Edison started his first central electricity station he was able to find 59 customers, and he lost £800 in the first year. Now there are 24 million American people buying electricity.

Rapid as these developments are, there is no doubt that the future will witness even more remarkable developments. American hotels are beginning to advertise "Radio in every room."

A FISH IN A PUMP

Professor Claude's Namesake

The C.N. has more than once explained Professor Claude's experiments for obtaining energy from the sea by using the changing temperature of the water.

Whether his efforts are successful or not, his scheme has brought him already a rather uncommon honour: a fish has been named after him.

The Havana Academy of Science has informed the professor that a hitherto unknown species of fish, which his sea pumps have brought up from a great depth, is to be called Centhometes-Claude.

We hope the next man who catches this fish will not be led away by the idea and christen his little son Centhometes after it. See World Map

ENGLAND'S CONSCIENCE WAKING UP

I do not think half you Church people are aware of what is going on in the country. I am a pretty optimistic sort of person, but I cannot blind myself to the fact that there is a great pagan population growing up all over England.

In one of the parishes in which I worked there were 8000 people in six streets, and of these 2700 lived underground in cellars. The amount of drunkenness was appalling. Three out of every four women were drunkards. I had to fight poverty, drink, and crime.

I am thankful to see that the social conscience of England during the last 20 years has really become awakened. Nowadays people are really keen about these things. Behind this problem of a better social order lies the problem of the better man. You cannot maintain a nation without character, and you cannot maintain character without religion. The Bishop of Sodor and Man

There are now nearly three-quarters of a million men working on the land, a hundred thousand less than in 1921.

SAFE RAILWAYS AND UNSAFE STREETS

A Remarkable Contrast

The British railways had an excellent record last year in the matter of accidents on their lines.

Only three passengers lost their lives, although the number of passenger journeys was over 1700 millions. This means that if one takes a railway journey the chance of being killed is only one in 568 millions.

It is a remarkable contrast with the state of the streets, where in London alone more than three people are killed every day. This year the number killed on the roads in the whole country must be about twenty a day, for it was eighteen last year, and traffic has since increased considerably everywhere.

GOOD TURNS OF THE WOLF CUBS

Some very young Wolf Cubs from a poor district were asked to write out a list of the Good Turns they had done during the week, and the result of their efforts gives a very clear idea of what Scouting really means to them. We give them as they were written.

I cleaned the nifes and fawkes and scrubbed the kintchen out and cleaned my brothers bike and his boots.

Once I was going to Cubs and a man said will you carry me these bords to my house. So when we got there he said hear you are sonny thier is twopence for carrying my bords, and I said I do not want it because I was not told to take it.

I gave half orange to a little boy who was crying because he did not want to go to school.

A boy threw a girl's bag over the fence, and I got it for her. I stopped a boy throwing stones at a girl.

The British National Debt is now: Internal £6,626,461,077; external £1,074,158,463.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

DECEMBER 13 1930

The Order of St Francis

WE remember seeing, not very long ago, a flock of seagulls which were busily engaged in cleaning up a harbour.

In one corner was a rubbish heap where an old man was at work sorting out the paper and burning it. He worked in the midst of a myriad gulls. They encircled him, perching on his shoulders and on his spade. The ground about him was white with them; some among their number would even come and perch on his hand. Yet if anyone else drew near they screamed and at once took refuge in the air.

The old man seemed rather proud of the friendly understanding which existed between himself and these seagulls. Poor enough, he was enviably rich in their confident friendliness. Having seen that, we found it easier to believe some of the stories of Francis of Assisi. For him, as for them, the curse was lifted, the curse which makes birds and other creatures look upon Man with fear.

St Francis was much nearer the little wild creatures than most of us are. There was a new harmony, a consciousness of kinship, between them. Both he and they were members of one family. He had seen somewhat into the depths of that significant phrase, *Your Heavenly Father feedeth them*. However rough to himself, he was kindly to the wild creatures. He lived in happy comradeship and shared the trustful friendship of wild things. How happy a friendship that is only those know who have shared it.

There are few lovelier joys in life than when some little wild creature begins to trust you, when a robin perches on your shoulder, or comes in through the window to pick up crumbs, or perhaps to peck from your hand.

One of the most exquisite joys in London is to find oneself among the tame sparrows in the parks: Regent's Park or Hyde Park. If you have taken food for them they will perch on your shoulders, or take food from your fingers. There is a freedom and a charm in it which one hardly gets at the Zoo, and this delightful experience awaits any kindly soul who desires it within sound of the thronging city.

One such experience gives a glimpse into what is veritably a new world where the curse of fear and suspicion is lifted, where man and bird are friends.

A good resolution for any of us would be to join the order of St Francis, to be one of those who help to lift the curse, to rejoice in the friendship of these little creatures of God, making songs for us in the house of our pilgrimage here on Earth.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Tommy and His Father

WE are all in favour of the Chancellor of the Exchequer finding money for good causes, even in hard times.

But we entirely fail to see why the taxpayer's money should be spent on Grand Opera.

If we cannot afford to keep Tommy at school we certainly cannot afford to treat his father to the Opera.

Death of the Future

WE came upon this pathetic note in an American Review which has just died.

We have given space to 23 new systems of Art (all now dead), representing 19 countries.

It must be sad to see the Great Art of the Future dying 23 times in 19 countries, but there are always consolations in this world. The old-fashioned Art goes marching on.

A Certain Mr Noodle

FROM the Moscow telegrams:

A certain Mr Noodle, representing a British firm in Moscow, said British business men wanted war.

We can well believe it.

A C.N. Bonfire

AS our faithful readers know, we do not like fireworks, and we have a sad moment in sending on this week's C.N., for one of our good writers sends with her manuscripts this pathetic note:

We were four MSS, and now we are two, for our "Help" threw two and the fountain pen on the fire!

There was once a "Help" who threw a History of the French Revolution on the fire, and we beg our correspondent to remember Carlyle and take courage.

10 Years for 10 Minutes

BECAUSE of insistence on demands which ten minutes of sober consideration would show could never be met we have had ten years of bitter political wrangling.

Norman Angell on the War Debts

A Word Unto His Majesty

Overheard when the King was out the other day:

FIRST CHILD: Look, Peggy; they are putting sand on the road.

Second Child: Yes; that is so the darling King won't slip.

To Those Who Lend Their Gardens

I pray to you whom God gives gardens, lend

This happy solace which the flowers bestow,

Where pain oppresses, and where few befriend,

To cheer their suffering and to soothe their woe. An Unknown Writer

Charity and Froth

THE Ancient Order of Froth Blowers is finding the times too hard for it. For an ancient order its life has been brief. But we are sure its members will go on being kind to all in need. There will be more charity and less froth.

The Finer Thing

MY idea of Utopia is a country where young men and women are taught that it is a much finer thing to live than to die for their country.

Miss Evelyn Sharp

Tip-Cat

ONE of the latest friends of the C.N. to retire after 50 years of good work is Tom Bliss. We wish him much of it.

RUBBER houses are proposed. We suppose it could be done by stretching a point.

A MAN is going round the globe to prove that it is flat.

THE world seems to have every kind of government except the kind it was promised.

THE younger generation is never happy unless it is going fast. Thanks you get everything you want in the long run.

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If fair people are light-headed

to cure a smoky chimney. Put out the fire.

A LONDON scientist has been making a study of fog for years. His conclusions are rather hazy.

SOUP makes a man irritable, says a doctor. Especially when he is in it.

THERE is a glut of butter in Devonshire. Dairy-men are giving each other pats on the back.

HORSEMANSHIP is not so good as it used to be. Riders are falling off.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

A BRIDE at St Martin-in-the-Fields gave a wedding breakfast in the crypt to 100 down-and-outs.

A BOURNEMOUTH engineer has left over £100,000 for charity.

EIGHT acres have been given as a camping ground for Nottingham Girl Guides.

JUST AN IDEA

Character will matter nothing in another war: it will be won by chemistry.

One Thing the War Did

WHEN we ask ourselves, as most of us do, what good thing the Great War did, it will do us good to read a letter from the Kaiser which has just been published. It was written to King Edward, and this is the Kaiser's description of it to his Chancellor:

I told the King I could have no respect for a monarch who felt himself responsible to deputies and Ministers, instead of to God alone. I told him, too, that I would not allow myself to be jested with.

In case of a European war he that was not with us would be against us.

I said that as a soldier I belonged to the school of Frederick the Great and Napoleon. Just as the former had begun the Seven Years War by invading Saxony, and the latter had always struck first with lightning speed against his enemies, I, too, would not be held back by considerations of strategy if Belgium did not join me.

If the Great War did nothing else it rendered an indescribable service to mankind by setting the world free for ever from men like that on thrones. Never again can such a man hold power in Europe.

What They Saw on Christmas Day

Animals played on Christmas Day Their part. The calm cows munching hay, Standing in the stable's light, Were near their Lord on Christmas night.

Some stately camels came along Under the starlight filled with song, Holding their heads as though with pride

As they drew nearer to His side. And out on the meadows hushed with sleep

The quiet, grazing lambs and sheep Suddenly over the star-pierced sky Saw hosts of angels passing by.

Marjorie Wilson

Ideas of Norman Angell
Bad Words

How often the words we use are anything but good and faithful words! Often they distort our thought about important things.

We talk, for instance, of *owning* colonial possessions, of France having *taken back* Alsace from Germany.

Such words lead us to believe that a nation is as certainly enriched by addition of territory as a man would be enriched by inheriting an estate. This notion forms part of the motive for war, or for the fear that makes war, by leading us to believe that if other nations become stronger than we are they will take our property.

But the idea that when a province is transferred from one government to another there is a transfer of property is, broadly speaking, nonsense. When a province is transferred the fields, factories, houses, carpets, walking-sticks, remain in the same hands. There is a change of political administration which may be good, bad, or indifferent, but there is practically no transfer of property.

It is probably true to say that if the world fully realised all that is meant by this simple fact the days of war would be over. N. A.

THE STAIN ON THE NAME OF CHARITY HOSPITALS AND SWEEPSTAKES

The Lucky Few and the Million
Disappointed

A CROWNING DISGRACE

There must be many millions of people throughout the world who abhor the idea of hospitals holding out appealing hands for a fifth share in the recent wretched Irish Sweepstake on a Manchester race, and we cannot believe that any hospital which accepts such ill-gotten gains will benefit by it.

No feature of this country's life is nobler than the splendid voluntary support of hospitals for humanity's sake. It is the one public service to which probably 90 per cent of the British people contribute something every year. In London alone the churches contribute about £75,000 a year to the hospitals.

Hitherto it has been absolutely clean philanthropy. Now there are hospitals ready to pick up money out of the dirt of our national curse of gambling.

Man's First Duty

When the whole story of this Sweepstake finds its way into the minds of thoughtful people vast numbers of those who are most likely to subscribe handsomely to hospitals will decide that no hospital which takes such money shall ever have a farthing from them.

Consider what gambling is. The first duty of every man is that he shall work to produce something at least equal to what he takes from the world. Man's most pitiable state comes when, by some misfortune, he cannot do that. While he can do it, on an average along his whole life, he is playing a manly part. Gambling is directly opposed to this duty of every man. It seeks to get, by chance, what ought to be got by work, and so it discounts honest labour. It is false to the very first essential of life.

Mephistopheles in a Mitre

Now, like Mephistopheles donning a mitre, it presents itself as a close ally of Charity. It engages the services of a master of the betting business, a Dublin bookmaker, and launches a scheme by which every person who buys a ten-shilling ticket will benefit certain hospitals to the extent of two shillings. Another two shillings of the bettor's money would go to the seller of the ticket. The number of tickets in the draw was 1,580,682. Divide this by the number of horses and the result gives each ticket's chance of getting a prize. If there had been, for instance, 50 horses in the race the chance of a prize would only have been one in 31,613. The first prize was over £200,000; the second over £80,000; the third over £40,000. More than a million and a half people were disappointed.

What is likely to be the effect of such fortunes as these on the lucky few? What effect will their unearned wealth have on the minds of the millions who are already drawn away from the sober facts of life into unsettling expectation of a 50,000-to-one chance falling to them?

What of the Future?

Already there is eager talk of more sweepstakes. There will be searchings round for other respectable causes to be tacked on to these orgies of gambling, and to benefit in a comparatively small degree while more money is gathered in by those who traffic in human credulity.

It is a crowning disgrace for the British Isles that, in a time of anxious national stress, the most flaunted news of the day should be one of these wholesale senseless appeals to microscopic chance, and it is a far greater disgrace that the demoralising craze should be linked up with one of the purest forms of philanthropy. No good can come to any hospital by such an alliance with gambling, one of the most deplorable influences now working in the world.

DO NOT USE UGLY PETROL STATIONS

WE welcome a very powerful recruit to the C.N. policy of leaving ugly petrol stations severely alone. Our C.N. watchword has been:

**Do Not Buy Petrol
At Ugly Stations**

Now The Times, which so often says today what England is to say tomorrow, winds up an admirable article on Cornwall by hoping that visitors there next summer will

Pick up their litter and buy their petrol at the least offensive and ill-planned station.

We have also been very glad to notice

more and more well-planned petrol stations. We have already mentioned the admirable station of Messrs Crips at the Ruxley Corner of the Sidcup Road. There is another excellent one at the beginning of the lane which leads down into Clovelly, and we have a note also of these:

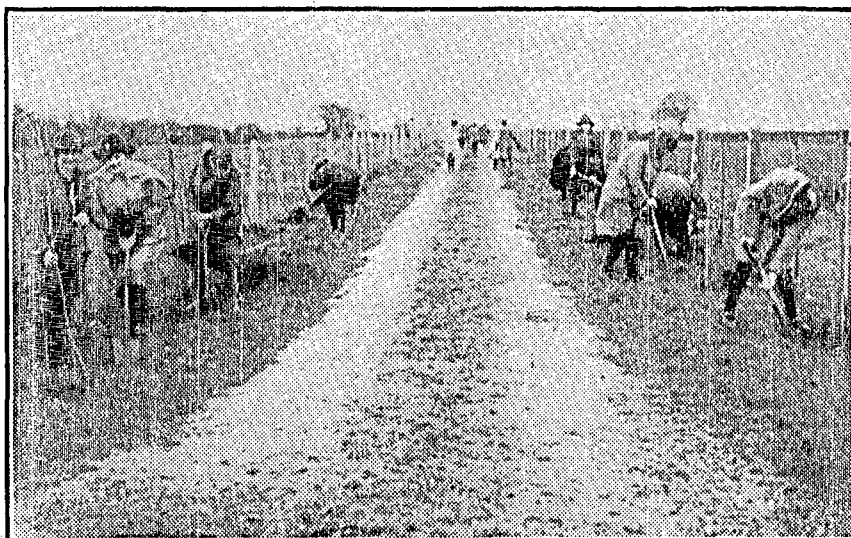
Blashford near Ringwood

Staines Junction of Great West Road

Archer's at Shirley, near Birmingham

Another petrol station which is a delight to see in these days is at Wych Cross in Ashdown Forest. When in need of petrol, try it.

TODAY'S GOOD TURN FOR TOMORROW



Planting the avenue of trees



Lady Readett-Bayley, chief of the Nottingham Guides, planting her tree

The Nottingham Girl Guides have planted an avenue of two hundred poplars along the drive leading to their camp at Elton, thus doing a good turn for Nottinghamshire Girl Guides of the future.

IF THE HORSE HAD NOT GROWN UP

THE signposts are too high for the motorist. He has to peer up at them, because their height was regulated by that of the horse when the horse was the Locomotive of the Highway.

It was the horse with its rider or its carriage which fixed the height of the signpost at seven or eight feet to be on a level with its master's eyes. Today anything above five feet is above the vision of the crouching motorist.

The horse ruled the road, raised the signpost, and even fixed the width between the rails of the railway. That width today is the same as the width between the wheels of the Roman chariot, as any traveller may prove by

measuring the wheel tracks still to be seen in ancient Pompeii.

The horse fixed that because it was the dimension of the vehicle to which he was harnessed.

But if, in the history of the evolution of the horse, this animal had paused when it was the size of Eohippus, the little primitive horse with more than one toe and about the size of a Newfoundland dog, it would just have been big enough to accommodate its signposts to the Motor Age.

What a different world it would have been if Eohippus had never grown up; but how convenient for the motorist at the signpost!

WHERE OUR FOOD COMES FROM SOME SURPRISING FACTS

England Dependent on Other
Countries for Most of Her Energy

HOME AND FOREIGN SUPPLY

A most useful investigation of our Food Supply has been made by the president of the Royal Statistical Society, Mr A. W. Flux, showing how much is imported and how much is home-grown.

Many mistaken ideas exist on this subject, for nearly everybody believes that by far the greater part of our food comes from abroad. The truth is that if we measure by weight more than half of our food is home produce. If we measure by energy value, however, nearly two-thirds of our food energy is derived from imported produce.

Let us look at the food brought in, and see how it compares with the food grown on British soil. Our inquiries relate to the average of the years 1924-1928 and the tons referred to are metric tons (2204 pounds). We find that in a year the figures are:

FOOD CONSUMED AT HOME

Home Produce	12,781,000 tons
Imported Produce	10,276,000 tons

The reason why the weight of the home produce exceeds that of the imported produce is that the home production of dairy produce and vegetables is much greater than the imports. Of the corn we consume the home supply is less than a fifth. Of our meat the home supply is less than the imported supply, whereas before the war it was much greater.

What a Calorie Represents

These figures do not include tea, coffee, or alcohol, which are not foods. Sugar, cocoa, and chocolate are included because they are food substances of great value.

Taking all the foods, we import more than we produce at home in the cases of corn, meat, fruit, sugar, cocoa, and chocolate. On the other hand, we produce at home more than we import of our supplies of poultry and eggs, fish, dairy produce, and vegetables.

Now let us look at energy value, which is commonly measured in Calories. A calorie represents the amount of heat required to raise a kilogramme of water one degree (Centigrade) in temperature. Measured in this way the figures are very different.

ENERGY VALUE OF BRITISH FOOD

Home	19 million million calories
Imported	32 million million calories

Total .. 51 million million calories

We see that by far the greater part of our effective food comes from abroad. In fact the energy value imported from abroad is nearly two-thirds of the whole. If we take our population at 45,000,000, about 30,000,000 people are fed by overseas energy. It is really remarkable to think of ships bringing to these islands this wonderful life-force.

Food That is Never Sold

One item has to be left out of our calculations because it cannot be definitely measured. In the country much food is consumed which is never sold and many cottage gardens raise vegetables consumed by rural workers. It is a great pity that, as so many of our people live in the towns, only a small fraction of the population is able to eat fresh vegetables consumed where they are grown.

It is important to note that a considerable change in our food supply has taken place since the war. The home produce has declined; the imported produce has increased. In the case of meat we find that before the war the home produce greatly exceeded the imported meat; this position is now reversed. Rather less meat is eaten, and the overseas supply has become much greater than the home supply.

THE BIGGEST THING OF ITS KIND

AND THE VERY BEST

The Splendid Rise of the
Sunday School by Post

REACHING FAR-AWAY FAMILIES

They have a way on the other side of the Atlantic of claiming bigness as their very own.

Bigness, highness, longness, deepness, and all other superlatives are their intensest desire, often in forgetfulness of the one supreme superlative—the best. And it needs very great wisdom to measure the best.

We believe, however, that across the Atlantic is one of the biggest things in the world that comes near being the best. It is a Sunday School, and it is in Canada.

Mr Brown's Drive

We remember a very dear man from America whose name, if we remember right, was Brown, and whose "drive," as he called it, was Sunday Schools, telling how he had superintended the biggest Sunday School in the world. Of course it was in America. We forget how many thousands of children attended it. Still, it was not really the biggest Sunday School. That is in Canada, and it is enormously big and good and interesting. It is the Sunday School by Post. This is its story.

More than twenty years ago a clergyman (now a bishop in Western Canada), thinking of the loneliness of the sparsely-peopled prairies and the impossibility of collecting children for religious teaching, asked a lady worker who was a clever teacher if she would write out a Sunday School lesson each week and send it by post to a family in a very lonely place. She did so, and the mother of the family used the lesson and was grateful.

Prairie Town Centres

Other mothers heard of the Sunday School by Post and asked to have a copy of the lessons. Soon the demand grew till the lessons had to be printed, and arranged for children of various ages, and still they were sent out by post. Then centres were formed in the prairie towns, first at Saskatoon, and later at Winnipeg, Edmonton, Calgary, and in British Columbia. Still the number of posted Sunday School lessons grew and still it continues to grow. Saskatoon alone sends them out regularly to 7000 families belonging to the postal Sunday School.

The scholars in this family Sunday School by Post are of all ages up to eighty. The work has led to much correspondence between the teachers and the taught, revealing many wants, such as the absence even of a Bible from some households. And in recent years, since the motor-car has begun to go everywhere, attempts have been made to visit all the members of the Sunday School by Post.

What C.N. Readers Can Do

That is no light task, for it must be remembered that on the prairie, away from the towns, a road is simply land left to be a road—left in its natural state and not "made" at all. But over these strips of land, left to be roads some day, go the motor Sunday School vans to visit lonely dwellings and take boxes with pictures and stories and Bibles, and little penny copies of the Gospels from the New Testament.

What those who do this work remember best is not the difficulties of the roads but the friendships they have formed, and the warmth of the welcome they receive from the mothers they have helped in the training of their children.

Also, as the lessons are sent out by post, a newspaper suitable for children or parents is enclosed. Such newspapers are sent from people in many parts of the world to be forwarded by the Sunday School by

K. C. B.

CHILDREN OF THE TREES

How to Celebrate Their Coming
Into the World

ROADS OF REMEMBRANCE

Keep Your Country Beautiful! More and more the love of beauty is spreading in the countryside.

If all our dreams come true our Little Treasure Island will be an earthly paradise long before 2030 A.D.

In Buckinghamshire and Surrey a very attractive scheme has now been started by the Roads Beautifying Association. Two Children's Avenues have been planted with cherry trees bearing double pink or white blossoms, and any of these trees may be reserved by mothers to commemorate the birth of their children.

Buying a tree costs two guineas, a very reasonable price, seeing that it includes the care of the tree, a guard, and a tablet showing the child's name. The tree and the child will grow up together and the tree will belong to the child as long as both live.

Cherry Blossom Avenue

A children's branch of the Roads Beautifying Association has been started so that boys and girls may do their share in keeping their country beautiful. It costs only a shilling a year to be a member, and sixpence extra for a badge. A colour picture of a cherry blossom avenue in spring is finding its way into many homes and attracting many new members. But children will surely send their shillings and sixpences when they read the lines written for this scheme by the father of Christopher Robin.

I'll find a road to Somewhere
And plant a Cherry Tree,
And everyone would come where
They'd heard it was to be,
And say "It must be lonely
Without a single friend—
How wonderful if only
We'd trees from end to end."
If all of us were willing
How easy it would be,
We'd each give up a shilling
And plant a Cherry Tree.

Who would not respond to this call from Mr A. A. Milne?

A New Custom Suggested

As for us of the C.N. we should like to see a new custom grow up. It is the custom when a friend passes out from the world to spend money on a wreath that perishes soon after it has been bought.

Would it not be a most excellent thing to begin a new custom, and every time a new little friend comes into the world spend money, in the new child's name, on a tree which shall live?

We should rejoice to see in The Times advertisements of births a line like this: *Commemoration Trees for Sidcup Road.*

We have already a splendid organisation of Men of the Trees. Why not begin the Children of the Trees while they are in their cradles?

We are quite sure the Roads Beautifying Association would gladly carry all this out, either for a Commemoration Tree for a birth or a Remembrance Tree for a death, and there could be no nobler way of honouring a life either at its coming into the world or at its going out.

Continued from the previous column

Post, and this is one way in which many copies of the C.N. reach isolated homes on the Canadian prairies. Any copies of the C.N. that have been read, for back numbers are never out of date there, will be welcomed at the headquarters of the Sunday School by Post. The address is Sunday School by Post, Teachers Hostel, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Canada. Any reader of the C.N. who can help it is helping to carry on the biggest Sunday School in the world.

NATURE'S GAS SUPPLY

Wonderful Calculations
Men Can Make

90,000 MILES OF PIPES

Pipes long enough to go round the Earth again and again have been laid from the oilfields of America for carrying to manufacturing towns the natural gas which until a few years ago had been allowed to go to waste.

It has just been estimated that the natural gas industry has grown during this year at a greater rate than any other industry in the world. The power obtained from burning this natural gas is six times greater than the whole of the electric power of the United States.

An Amazing Science

The wonder of this tremendous industry is not so much the thousands of miles of pipes, but the amazing science of estimating how much gas lies buried in the sands below the earth, bursting to get out and do the work of man. It may cost a million pounds to lay the pipes from some new district to manufacturing towns where it can be sold, and the gas must come freely for many years in order to repay the enormous costs of drilling, producing, and transporting it.

One of the most famous supplies, the Amarillo field, which was opened up two years ago, was estimated by the engineers to be able to give a hundred million cubic feet of gas a day for 300 years. Such estimates as these are constantly being made, and they usually turn out correct, sufficiently so at any rate for thousands of miles of supply pipes to be laid across difficult country.

Natural gas in at least one country has dispelled all doubts as to future fuel supplies for many years to come.

DAUGHTER OF SLAVES

Mary Bethune and Her Work

Near the top of a list of America's Fifty Foremost Women who have not only done great work but are still "carrying on" there appears the name of Mrs Mary McLeod Bethune.

How many of our people have heard her name? The daughter of Negro slaves, Mrs Bethune has given her life-work for her race. To educate Negroes so that they can help themselves when they go into the world has been her chief aim, and she has met with remarkable success. From practically nothing she started an Industrial School at Daytona Beach in Florida. She obtained help from the coloured leaders and white philanthropists, and soon had enough funds to make it into a famous school, which has turned out many fine scholars.

Besides her work for coloured boys and girls, and for those who have been in prison, Mrs Bethune has made herself responsible for the Federation of Coloured Women's Clubs. She has also found time to raise the money to buy the old home of Frederick Douglass at Anacosta, near Washington. This Negro, a friend of Lincoln, was one of the greatest orators America has known, and the house he lived and worked in has become a shrine for his race.

ICE IN THE TROPICS

Three ships are being equipped to sail from Mexico to New York with a queer cargo.

A Mexican oil company when drilling for oil some time ago struck a rush of carbon dioxide gas, which spurted out at a great pressure. They have frozen this into solid blocks of carbon dioxide "ice," which is one of the best refrigerating agents known today.

So big are the quantities of the gas that the three ships will carry the ice from the tropics of Mexico to New York for sale there.

MAKING THE WORLD SAFER

THE LEAGUE AND THE
LIGHTHOUSES

Trying to Unify the Colour and
Flashes of Signals

GENEVA GOES AHEAD

By Our League Correspondent

River, rail, and sea have been receiving attention in the deliberations of the League of Nations.

One committee met to draw up final details for putting into effect certain regulations for control of traffic on the Danube. Another committee considered the question of making it possible to use railway transport documents internationally. Of greater and more wide-reaching importance than these was the full conference held at Lisbon for increasing safety at sea.

We should expect that States with a sea-coast like Great Britain would take part in a conference of this kind, but it is rather interesting to find its representatives sitting by the side of those who come from Iceland, Danzig, and Monaco. Other interesting people were there too, connected with the Suez Canal, with the lighthouses of the late Ottoman Empire, with the Portuguese Merchant Marine, and so on.

For the Guidance of Shipping

The idea of the conference was to unify the colour and shapes of buoys, the colour and flashes of lighthouses, the colour and forms of coastal and port signals. The League Committee has been working on these for a long time and put certain suggestions before the conference, as, for example, that quarantine buoys should everywhere be painted yellow, as that is the colour used for all health indications. Hydroplanes need their special buoys to mark out the area of the sea where they may come down, and it is suggested that the colour of these shall always be white, with a blue cross on the upper surface clearly visible.

The advantages of wireless lighthouses, and their superiority over direction-finding shore stations, has been studied by the League Committee. There is also a proposal that aero-lighthouses shall not be installed in positions where there is a likelihood of their interfering with coast lights. The combination of sea and air lighting on the same support is often found to be possible and a saving of expense.

So all new inventions find their way into the home of the League, and people who make use of the League's experts find difficulties smoothed and hindrances cleared away. Every muddle in the world's affairs that is put straight removes a cause of possible quarrel.

CAPTAIN OF THE BELLEROPHON

His Nephew's Last Voyage

Captain Charles Maitland has sailed his last voyage. For sixty years he had watched the sails aloft as the wind drove his ships across the seas.

The last of the great sailing masters, he came of a family of sailors. His uncle, Captain Frederick Maitland, commanded the frigate Bellerophon which bore Napoleon Bonaparte to captivity. But Charles Maitland commanded ships which crossed the world as messengers of peace.

He was the commander of training ships which turned lads into sailormen. He was of the old school which maintained that no sailor can learn his business on a steamship.

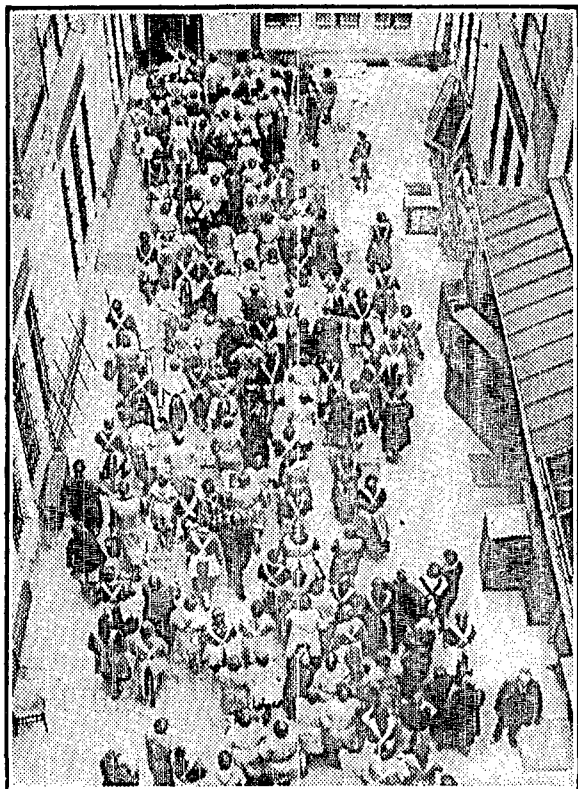
Those who learned under him will say that he was right, though all over the oceans the sailing ship gives way to the steam or oil. The Norwegians and the Swedes still favour the sailing ship as the best school for bringing out character.

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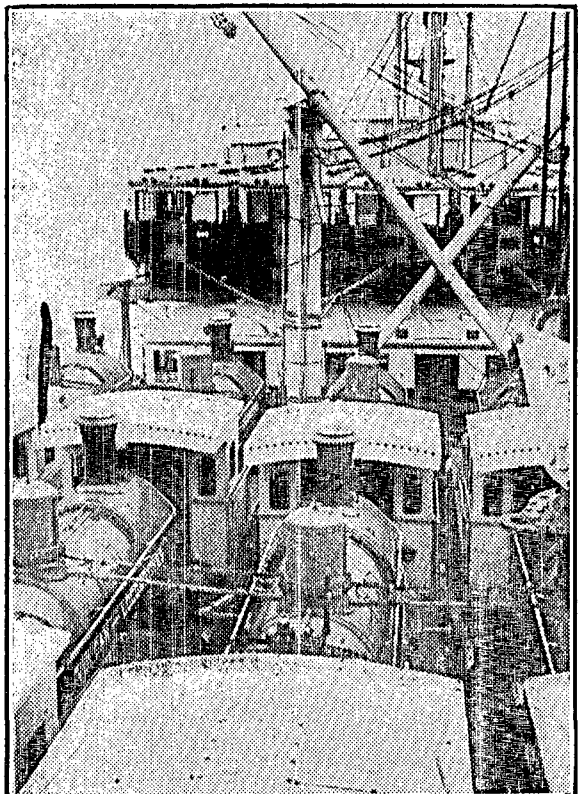
AN ARMY OF CLEANERS · TRAINS CROSS THE OCEAN · UP AND DOWN



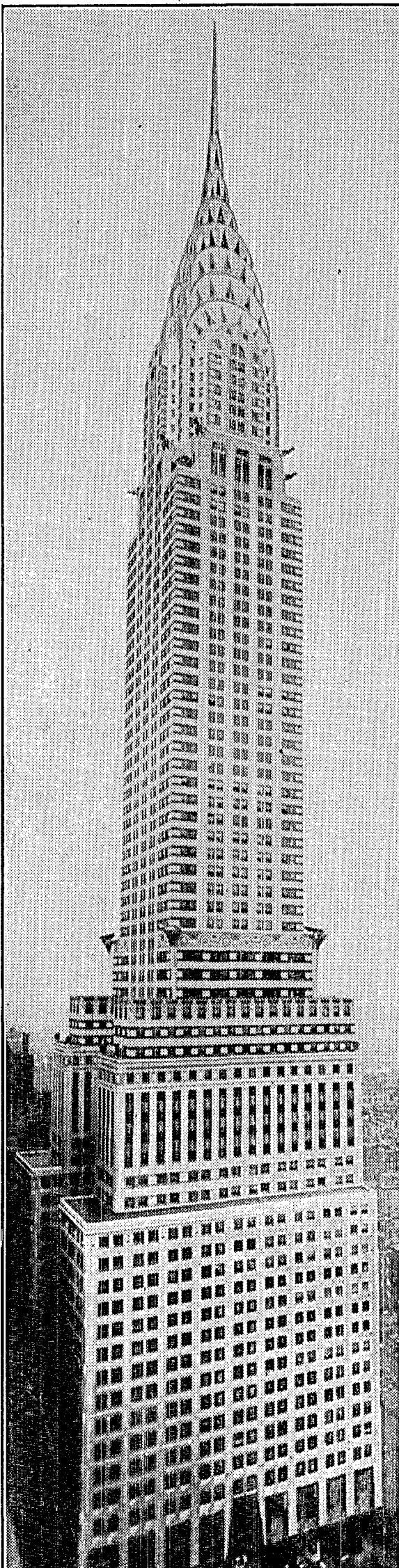
Army of Cleaners—Early most mornings this army of charwomen may be seen going in by the back entrance of a great German bank to clean the offices before the bank opens.



Among the Mountains—These climbers with an alpenhorn are Swiss guides, but they are seen in Paradise Valley on the slopes of Mount Rainier in the United States.



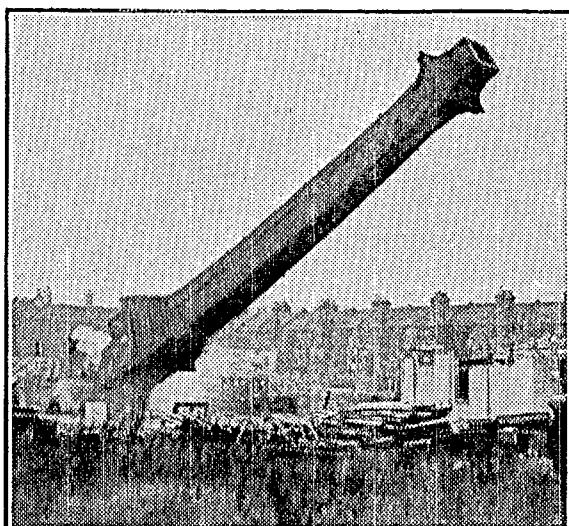
Trains for Argentina—A wonderful consignment of 20 locomotives with their tenders and 24 electric railway coaches left the Thames for Argentina on the motor-vessel *Deljeanne* recently. Here we see some of the cargo.



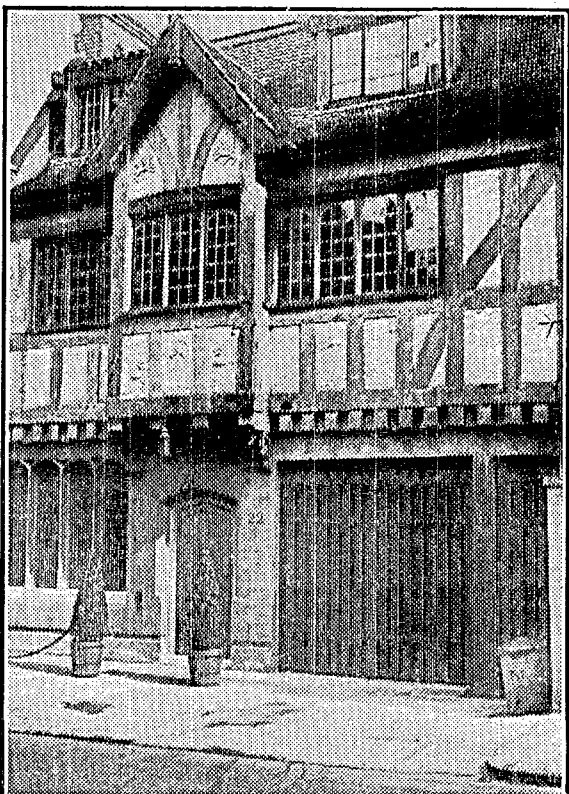
Up—New York buildings are going up higher and higher. Here is the Chrysler Building, which is more than a thousand feet high. A new structure now nearing completion, the Empire State Building, will be 1248 feet high.



Floods No Obstacle—A flooded road near Woking could not stop these two young cyclists when the River Wey overflowed as a result of the recent heavy rains.



Down—It is difficult to imagine the tremendous crash with which this chimney struck the ground when it was felled at Fulham the other day. It contained about 450 tons of bricks.



A New Old House—A house in the style of an Elizabethan farmhouse has just been built in Farm Street, Mayfair. The old timbers and interior fittings have been collected from many parts of England and the Continent.

THE VERY BEST DOG CHRISTMAS-BOX

All About Our Faithful
Friend

A UNIQUE VOLUME

The Practical Dog Book. By Edward C. Ash (Simpkin Marshall. 21s).

Never probably has the dog world had such a day as now. Four or five books, in prose or verse, are sounding the praises of this most familiar of all our animals, and the biggest of these books, as far as we have observed them, is this unique volume of 343 pages with 500 pictures. We congratulate Mr Ash on a book as complete and useful as any we have seen in a long familiarity with books.

The book begins with a list of 43 pages of plates, not only picturing all kinds of dogs known in this country, but also showing, sometimes quaintly and sometimes by astonishingly clever early art, how dogs have been pictured in past ages. Mr Ash has a remarkably comprehensive knowledge of the history of dogs, but his main aim is not merely to be informing, but to be practically useful to those who buy, breed, use, or live in friendship with the closest friend of man.

Excellent Advice

He begins with advice about buying a dog, and excellent advice he gives us. He goes on to describe every breed of dog, giving a list of the points considered by competent judges when they award prizes at dog shows. In one chapter he runs through the routine of keeping a dog in health and happiness in the family and in kennels. When they are not in good health he advises how they should be treated if veterinary assistance is not at hand. He has much information about trade in dogs and about their possible travels from land to land, including regulations to be obeyed and licences to be paid. His book is, in fact, an encyclopedia of information, most of it practical and much of it, especially where history is concerned, curious.

Best of all, Mr Ash knows well the mind of a dog, through sympathy as well as knowledge. He appreciates the power of a dog to understand through patient teaching. He is not afraid even of saying that they think.

To all who have a dog, to all who love a dog, to all who would know what a dog is, we commend this dog book, an admirable Christmas-box for any home in which this faithful creature lies friendly on the hearth or faithful at the door.

NOBODY CARES

Pall Mall Clock—Chapter 3

The Pall Mall Clock story, of which two chapters have appeared in our columns, goes on apace.

The East face of the clock moves faster and faster; the West seems to be slowing down.

The East face was seven hours behind the West (or five in front?). Now the East is only two behind (or ought we to say ten in front?).

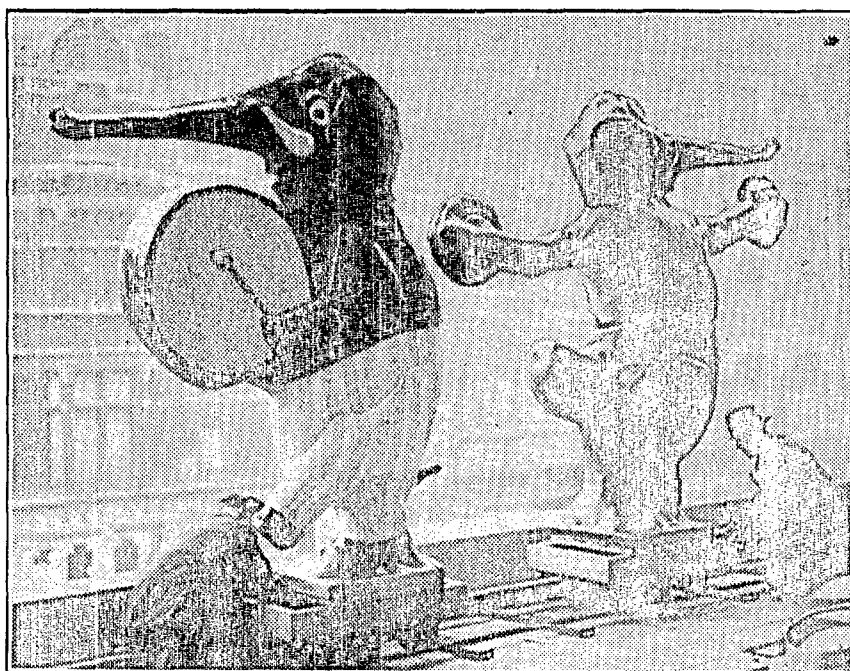
Never was such a clock in a public street, forsaken by its makers, disowned by its winders, scorned by those who live behind it, abandoned by all but the public passing by, who look up daily at this ridiculous absurdity in the dignity of Clubland.

But how can a clock's two faces work differently with one set of works in its Robot interior?

A lamb buried in a snowdrift for nearly a week in Saskatchewan was rescued, and was soon as frisky as ever.

A sheep farm in Natal has been attacked by a hundred vultures, only half the flock surviving.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING



A Christmas Attraction—A big store in Oxford Street has set up a series of large toy animals on the front of the building. Here some of the figures are being placed in position on a small railway along which they are to run.



Stirring the Pudding—There were plenty of willing helpers when the Christmas pudding was being made at the Foundling Hospital at Redhill. In their present home the Foundlings look forward to Yuletide as eagerly as they did in their old quarters at Bloomsbury.



The Pied Piper—This charming picture shows a group of children acting a scene from The Pied Piper of Hamelin in a ballet which they presented at a Chelsea theatre. The story is one which has made the poet Browning's name familiar to children the world over.

MADEMOISELLE B.

Master of Fate

By La Petite Européenne

*I am the master of my Fate,
I am the Captain of my Soul.*

W. E. Henley

Let us suppose that a baby girl should come into the world in a very poor home without the blessing of two arms, with no possibility of doing anything normally or of staying anywhere alone; with no money to make her cruel fate less cruel. What sort of life will she lead?

Such a girl did come into the world some fifty years ago. She trained her feet to do the work of hands, and she challenged fortune so far as to become a painter.

We will call her Mademoiselle B.

The other day I went to see Mademoiselle. A little Armenian showed me into a drawing-room dazzling with sunlight, bright with pictures and flowers, leaving room for only one dark spot, the grand piano. Was I really at Mademoiselle B.'s?

The Secret Revealed

A little woman came in, dark, alert, smiling. "I am Mademoiselle B.," she said.

She wore a cape matching her dress, so that unless you know of her infirmity you would not notice it. She took me round the flat, explaining one picture after the other. There was a portrait of her mother, wonderfully lifelike; one of an Eastern girl she loves; one of an old man friend; and among others pictures of meadows, mountains, lakes.

We entered the studio, a room perhaps still brighter than the others, with hardly any finished pictures on the wall, but with row after row of sketches, frames, glasses, and things connected with painting. Walking on, we reached the spot where Mademoiselle B. works, and suddenly her secret revealed itself. There everything lay on the floor; the easel had no legs; the crayons reposed on a long sheet of paper; I fancied myself in the studio of a child-prodigy.

A Great Achievement

Mademoiselle B. wondered where she could have put a certain portrait she was anxious to show me; when I turned my eyes to her I found that she had slipped off her shoes and was moving things with her feet. She used them as adroitly as the expert artist uses hands; and then only I realised how her toes could master pencils so splendidly. I wished I might watch her working; but it was well that I refrained, for a little later, as I mentioned the greatness of her achievement, she exclaimed: "Oh, this must never be thought of; I have always refused to believe that I am not like everybody else."

This is why I am telling neither the name of Mademoiselle B. nor that of her country. Let us know only that her pictures have been exhibited at the Paris Salon and that she was awarded a French decoration; but, above all, let us realise what a stupendous master of Fate this heroic woman is.

THE FRIEND ON THE SHELF

Nothing has shocked us more lately than a remark made at a book conference that the day of the private library is over.

People are supposed to be living in such a way that they use the circulating libraries more and more.

Are there no more shelves of books slowly accumulating, being lovingly added to, in the homes of England? No more loved volumes getting steadily shabbier and shabbier, standing like trusty friends on the shelves?

It may be, but we shall try not to believe it, for we still believe, as we said here long ago, that the Bookless House is a slum.

A Leghorn hen has laid a record number of 357 eggs in 365 days.

An engine recently built for the L.M.S. has been named the Boy Scout.

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A TREAT AT SOUTH KENSINGTON

The Science Museum's Star Model

WHILE WE WAIT FOR THE PLANETARIUM

At Dusseldorf, a friend just back from Germany tells us, the schoolchildren go every day to see the movements of Sun, Moon, Planets, and Stars in the Planetarium in that city.

Schoolchildren, or older people, are not so well off in London as in Dusseldorf or many other German towns, but at the Science Museum at South Kensington there is at any rate something to teach the inquiring mind how the stars move in their courses.

There is a model made to scale to afford a pictorial illustration of the immensity of the stellar universe.

First all the stars that can be seen by the unaided eye are considered. They are not so many as supposed. They are some 5000 in number; and the Science Museum shows a blue ball, a little over half an inch in diameter, as representing the heavenly sphere in which these bright young things are encompassed.

A Journey of 200,000 Years

Around the blue sphere, though chiefly on one side of it, small white beads are dotted at distances ranging from a few inches up to two feet. These beads represent the clusters of stars which in a small telescope look like spots of light, but in a large one are seen to be composed of hundreds of thousands of stars.

These are the globular clusters, the farthest of which is so distant that if we could send to it an electric message or a shaft of light neither would reach it for 200,000 years.

That is the best model the Science Museum can make of the immensity of space and the distribution of stars. But there are many objects known to the astronomers which cannot be got into the model—or into the museum.

There are, for example, the two million spiral nebulae. On the scale of the model they would have to be half a mile away.

BACK TO SIGNS

We are going back to the days of signs.

Once upon a time John Smith's letters were not addressed to No 10, Fleet Street, but to the Sign of the Pelican. Every shop had its pictured name hanging before it, so that those who could not read might know when they had reached the right place. The streets were picture galleries, and it would be pleasant if we could get back their gaiety without the creak and rattle that went with it.

France is not hanging pictures before her shops, but is setting them up along her high roads.

They are pictures that speak louder than words. Even the most careless eye would be arrested by a picture of a locomotive, which means that an open level-crossing is close at hand. A picture of a small child leading another means that a school is near. A picture of a navvy and a heap of stones means that the road is being made up. A man on a horse means that the road is for horses only. A bar having on the upper side a depression between two mounds means that at the entrance and exit of the next village there are open gutters which will break the axle of a car going faster than is polite through villages. A policeman with uplifted baton shows that the road is closed.

We already have something of the sort in the A.A. signs for bridges and dangerous corners. We are evidently going back to picture writing. Once signs were used because men could not read; now they are used because we have no time to read.

KAO LAO & KAO VOO
Fifth Child and Last Child

By a Travelling Correspondent

We give here pictures of two little Chinese children. This is a description of their home sent to us by a C.N. correspondent now travelling in Peiping.

Two little girls live near me in a narrow, dusty side street. There is a high wall which shuts off the quiet, sunlit courtyard of their house from the street. When the great red lacquer gate is open people in the street cannot see into the courtyard because of a big screen a few feet back, presumably placed there to keep out evil spirits.

Evil spirits are amazingly stupid, it seems. They do not know enough to turn corners; so if their direct flight is obstructed they can do nothing but go back where they came from. The Chinese believe less in the power of



Kao Lao



Kao Voo

demons and dragons than they used to, but they keep the screens at their gates.

The houses here in the north have no halls or passage-ways; when we go from one room to another we cross our flowering courtyard; we take tea there in the lovely afternoons, and sit there in the evenings watching the stars.

The children, Kao Voo (Miss Fifth-Child Kao) and Kao Lao (Miss Last-Child Kao), play all day long in their courtyard with their kitten—a plump tabby which you might mistake for an English kitten but for its one Oriental touch, for Voo has painted a round, red spot like a small tiddlywink in the very middle of its wee; white nose to prepare it for the Moon Festival which is now taking place. If you are a little girl in China you dress up for a festival in your best silk frock, screwing your hair into fantastic twists and spirals, wound with bright threads, and whitening your face with a sort of flour lotion, then painting a few red tiddlywink discs on it.

WHEN IN DOUBT TRY GENEVA

Bulgaria's Motto

By Our League Correspondent

Bulgaria has formed a sensible habit that will assuredly stand the country in good stead. Its maxim is: When in doubt or difficulty, apply to the League of Nations.

It is old history now that its immediate appeal to the League, when it was invaded by a Greek army a few years ago, was the means of saving the country from war. Lately a dispute arose, also with Greece, over certain rights on forest land along the border between the two countries. Bulgaria promptly requested the League to send an arbitrator to decide the matter.

A distinguished statesman of Sweden, one who has won respect and admiration in the Council and the Assembly for his uprightness (Mr Unden), has consented to do this. His international spirit makes him think it worth while to spare time out of his busy life to build up this little bit of peace.

C. L. N.

Two Dozen Friends From Papua

Number of Members—21,680

Two dozen Papuan boys and girls are among the latest recruits to the Children's League of Nations, and the number of countries with members is now over thirty.

Douvere Nouairi, one of the Papuan boys of the L.M.S. College at Fife Bay, writes: "First we think the Children's League of Nations is for the white people, but our Master's wife told us that it is for all over the world, and Papua too, so we are just wanting to join it. Sir, we Papuan girls and boys are just silly boys and girls, but now the L.M.S. missionaries are teaching us wise and giving us new life!"

Germany and Denmark have been carrying out a splendid friendship-making scheme which is doing much to help on the work of the C.L.N. This year over 500 German and Danish children exchanged visits during their holidays, and the happy result is many friendships which may be lifelong. Other nations, please copy. Even a peep into the homes of other nations changes the word Foreigner into Friend.

How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed:

Children's League of Nations,

15, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1.

No letters should be sent to the C.N. office.



The C.L.N. Badge

With each application for membership should be sent sixpence in stamps for the card and badge. Please give your name and address, birthday and year, and the name of your school.

A MAORI AS FIRST MAN IN NEW ZEALAND

Prime Minister Pro. Tem.

A Maori has been acting as Prime Minister in New Zealand.

Of all native peoples under the British flag the Maoris are probably the most happy. A Polynesian people who came canoeing over the sea from Cook Islands, the Maoris, when first met with by our colonists in New Zealand, were Stone Age people engaged in tribal warfare and rapidly declining in numbers. In the last forty years, however, they have increased, and, prizing their fine qualities of courage, eloquence, courtesy, sportsmanship, and sense of humour, the New Zealand Government has encouraged them in every way.

The Maoris have full citizenship, they elect their own members to the Lower House, they have two of their chiefs in the Upper House, and they usually have a high-caste member of their race in the Ministry itself.

One of these ministers, Sir Apirana Ngata, has been temporarily taking over the duties of Prime Minister.

THE OPTIMISTS HAVE IT

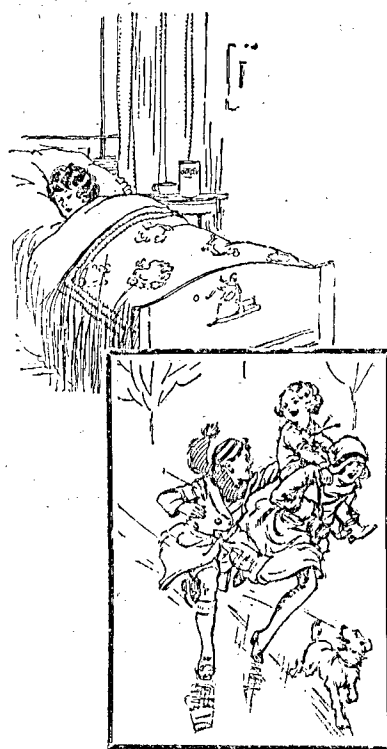
Pessimists and optimists will wrangle over this story of a miner's whippet.

Its young owner said the dog was so thin that it ought to be destroyed, and a friend threw it down a pit shaft. There it remained three days. A magistrate fined them £5 each for what he called a dastardly action.

The pessimist will say this shows how cruel human nature is, but that is not the end of the story. An elderly man named John Ord went down the 84-foot shaft and rescued the dog at great peril to himself.

That, says the optimist, shows how kind human nature is!

There are hundreds of people who would have gone to the dog's rescue, but hardly another who would have thrown it down. The Optimists have it, as they say in the House of Commons.



Health and Energy all day long

MERRY and happy—full of energy and romping fun—all fathers and mothers delight to see their children enjoying such glorious health.

The energy and vitality children are so prodigal in spending have to be made good from the energy-creating elements to be obtained only from nourishment. They are growing—physically and mentally—and nourishment is essential for healthy growth.

During the growing years of childhood more nourishment is necessary than ordinary food contains. Children need 'Ovaltine' as their daily beverage, for this delicious food beverage supplies concentrated nourishment in an easily digested form.

There is no substitute for 'Ovaltine.' No other food can ensure the same results, for no other food supplies, in a correctly balanced and concentrated form, the essential nutritive elements of Nature's best foods—ripe barley malt, rich creamy milk, and eggs from our own and selected farms.

OVALTINE

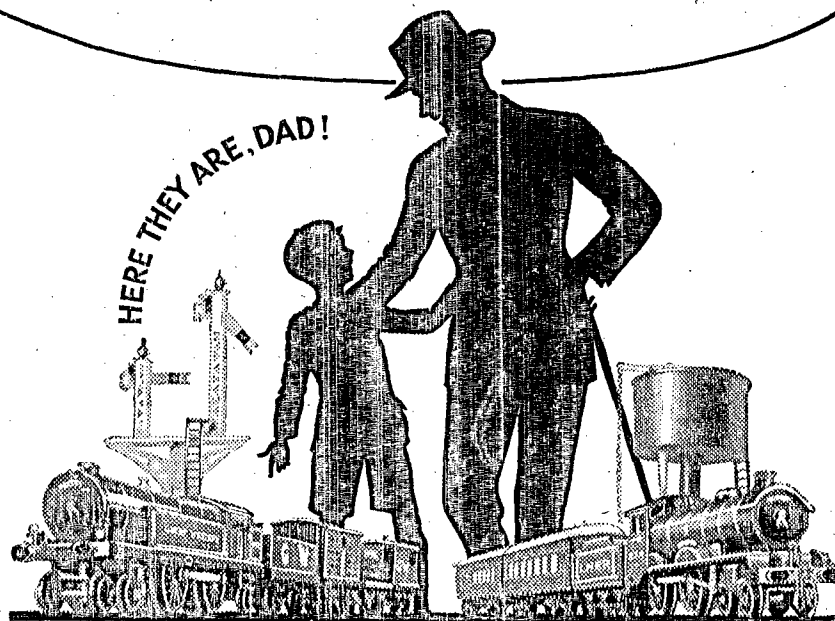
TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds-up Brain. Nerve and Body

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland,
1/3, 2/- and 3/9 per tin.

P.619

THIS IS HORNBY TRAIN WEEK!



The 1930 Hornby Locomotives give longer runs and haul heavier loads

Now is the time for every boy who is keen on model railways to see the Hornby Railway System. All this week the new Hornby Locomotives, Rolling Stock and Accessories are being shown in the shops. Go and see them! Take Dad with you—he will be easily persuaded!—and show him the wonderful range of Hornby Trains.

Hornby clockwork and electric trains are the best that you can buy. The Locomotives are built for heavy loads and long runs; the Rolling Stock is strong, smooth-running and durable; the Accessories are realistic and correct in proportion, while every part is made of British material, by British craftsmen.

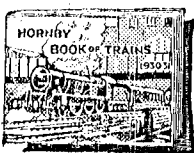
If you do not yet possess a Hornby Railway, now is the time to start—now, when Hornby Trains, famous for years as the best that money can buy, are better, stronger, and more powerful than ever before!

**THERE ARE HORNBY TRAINS AT
ALL PRICES FROM 5/- TO 95/-**

THE 1930 HORNBY BOOK OF TRAINS

Here it is, boys! The 1930 Hornby Book of Trains the best yet! This splendid new edition contains full colour illustrations of all Hornby Trains, Rolling Stock and Accessories. Interesting articles on famous locomotives and expresses are also included, together with descriptions of the wonderful high-pressure engines that may haul the trains of the future.

Get a copy from your dealer today, price 3d., or send 4½d. in stamps and the names and addresses of three chums direct to us for a copy, post free.



HORNBY TRAINS

BRITISH AND GUARANTEED

MECCANO LIMITED, DEPT. AD, OLD SWAN LIVERPOOL

TWO LADIES TRAMP ACROSS SIBERIA What They Saw There

A milkmaid at work in a frock of purple velvet trimmed with brown and yellow bands—that was one of the sights rewarding two middle-aged American ladies who tramped across Siberia.

Why, they thought, should all the adventures be left to youth? Why should they live fireside lives just because they were fifty and wore glasses?

So it was that Dr Elsie Mitchell and Miss Helen Wilson filled two knapsacks with food and a change of clothing, and made a roll of a big blanket and a bit of oiled silk, and set off from Kemerovo for Moscow, 7716 miles away. They might have chosen a shorter route, but they had to see the markets of Samarkand!

A Hospitable Peasantry

At first they used to camp under the trees, making a tent of their oiled silk square and lighting a fire to cook the eggs and milk bought in the villages. But when they got to the mountainous parts where there are daily thunderstorms they would sometimes go to the nearest village Soviet and ask for a room. The Soviet would direct them to one of the few houses in the place which possessed two rooms, and they would be hospitably received.

In Siberia there are no scattered farms, but all the people and their beasts live in one village of log buildings with thatched roofs. The village street is a horrible slough, and the travellers preferred camping in the open. But they found the Siberian peasants kind and cleanly.

Having tramped across the great corn-covered steppes, where they saw no trees for a week, and climbed mountains and forded fierce streams, they reached the region where the Kalmucks live.

These folk reminded them strongly of the North American Indians, for they live in tents, are great horsemen, and love gorgeous clothes. The Kalmucks own vast herds of deer, besides horses, sheep, and cattle, and they sell the hides in Mongolia, getting magnificent Oriental stuffs in exchange. That was why the milkmaid could wear purple velvet. Another odd thing about her was that she was milking a line of mares. The Kalmucks eat no bread, and live on mare's milk, cheese, and meat.

Hardships in the Train

Strange to say, their greatest hardships were not met in the wilds, but in the train. They completed their journey in one of the few trains left to Russia. Much rolling-stock was destroyed in the war and revolution, and now there are long waits and fierce battles to get aboard the filthy overcrowded trains which dawdle across Russia. Part of the passengers travel in freight cars, with no windows and no toilet facilities, on journeys that take many days. After ten days' train-travel without a wash the Americans longed for a mountain camp, thunderstorm and all.

The adventures of these ladies, told in a book called *Vagabonding at Fifty*, may not appeal to all of us; but at least they will encourage the young folk to believe that the future need not be dull just because they must grow old.

SIGNS ON THE ROAD

Many new signs are appearing on our roads, and it will be interesting to watch their growth.

One we saw the other day was *Look Out for Children*.

Another interesting new sign that makes for safety is

Road Narrows.

We saw also for the first time a sign indicating that there were gates to open: *Gated Road*.

And at North Mimms, on the Watford bypass road, we saw the pleasant sign, a little away from the dangerous crossing: *Children Cross Here*.

VENUS AT HER BRIGHTEST NEAR THE CRESCENT MOON

A Beautiful Spectacle in the
Early Morning Sky

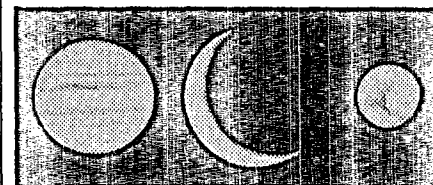
MARS COMING NEARER

By the C.N. Astronomer

Before sunrise on Wednesday morning, December 17, the radiant Venus will be seen near the crescent Moon.

Both will be in the south-east sky, and if fine should present a beautiful spectacle. Venus is now almost at her brightest, and may be easily seen from about 5.30 a.m. until in the rising dawn she begins to fade. Field-glasses will help to keep her in view in broad daylight, but the sky must be clear; she will appear as a brilliant point of light set in the pale azure of the heavens on a winter day.

While Venus may be thus seen on any fine morning for several weeks to come, it will be on Wednesday that she will be near the Moon, which will be rather more than twelve times her own width below Venus. Seen through a telescope Venus appears at the present time as a small replica of the Moon, with the crescent the same way round.



The relative apparent size and shape of Jupiter, Venus, and Mars as seen through a telescope now

By Sunday, December 28, Venus will be at her brightest, after which this lovely planet will begin to wane in brilliance, becoming gradually transformed from the crescent phase into a tiny half-moon, and so on, until she becomes a round disc and very much smaller.

While this transformation goes on during the next eight months Venus will be getting farther and farther away in front of the Earth, for she is speeding at 22 miles a second, as compared with our world's 18 and a half miles a second; she has, moreover, the inside track, as it were.

We see, therefore, that Venus will be present in the early morning sky for a long time, but with gradually diminishing lustre as she continues to outdistance the Earth. At present she is about 30 million miles away and the nearest world to us, except, of course, the Moon and also little Eros. This tiny planet, which is 27 million miles from us, will be dealt with in next week's C.N., by which time it will be another two million miles nearer.

Mars and Jupiter

Mars is also coming much closer, although he is still a little over 70 million miles away. Just now he adorns the night sky rather late, and may be first seen, between 8.30 and 9 o'clock, very low down in the East and some way beneath and to the left of Jupiter.

Mars is not so bright, and may be readily identified by his rosy tint. He soon gets higher in the sky, and each week he rises about half an hour earlier, so he will soon be visible throughout the evening.

After appearing to travel eastward among the stars for so long Mars will, toward the end of next week, turn to the right and begin his retrograde movement, appearing to approach Jupiter again. Thus these two worlds will greatly add to the interest and beauty of the evening sky for the first few months of next year.

Meanwhile both Mercury and Saturn now appear too near to the Sun in the evening to be perceived without optical aid.

G. F. M.

December 13, 1930

The Children's Newspaper

13

MISSING AND WANTED

Odd Things About People DEAD LETTER OFFICE TELLS A TALE

The Dead Letter Office can tell many odd tales. One is that from the south-east corner of England, which includes London with its millions, it receives every week 75,000 letters.

Many are letters with the wrong address, many more are to people who are dead. But thousands are to persons who have gone away without leaving a trace behind.

These are the people who are missing, and by far the greater number are so only through their own carelessness or indifference. But there remains a small number who have purposely gone away without leaving an address.

These are the people who, besides being missing, are wanted, sometimes by tradesmen or other creditors, sometimes by the police.

The Difficulty of Being Lost

If the police want them they are generally found sooner or later, because, although it seems simple for a solitary person to lose himself among the vast numbers of a great city, it proves hard in practice if the reason for finding him is sufficient.

The search may be long, but sooner or later the wanted person is found. There seems to be a greater certainty of finding him if, when found, he is likely to hear something which is not to his advantage.

These are the extreme cases, and the honest citizen can rejoice at them, while the wrongdoer should take warning.

Besides them, there are hundreds of people missing every week in a less public sense from England's 40 millions. If the police kept a list it would soon fill a volume; but the police say that the larger number of those of whose strange absence or disappearance they are told return home sooner or later and say nothing more about it. Least said, perhaps, is soonest mended.

THE WHITE SEALS OF GUADALUPE

Discovery on a Rocky Coast

The Island of Guadalupe is famous as the last refuge of the Elephant Seal, and for some years there have been vague rumours of white seals in the waves that break on its rocky coast.

An expedition was recently sent out to look for the almost extinct Townsend fur seal, but not a single specimen could be found. They therefore turned south with a view of seeing whether there was any foundation for the fishermen's yarns about the white seals. The launch proceeded until it was within a short distance of Outer Islet, when its occupants were suddenly struck dumb with amazement by what they saw.

Quietly resting on the volcanic crags above the boiling surf were ten superb snow-white seals, so large and so purely white that they might have been mistaken for polar bears.

It is supposed that the white seals are simply albinos of the Californian sea-lion, but of course they may turn out to be an entirely new species. It is worth pointing out that none of them had the bump on the head, which is one of the marks of the full-grown male of the Californian sea-lion.

Guadalupe, with its two neighbouring islets, is composed of volcanic rock, and at the northern end rises 4500 feet out of the sea. Between it and the mainland depths of over two miles have been sounded. *See World Map*

France has made a profit this year of £35,000,000 from the State tobacco monopoly.

A LIFE OF THE WEEK

Mary Mitford

On December 16, 1787, Mary Mitford was born.

Do successful writers know what they can write best? Sometimes certainly they do not.

Mary Russell Mitford, who was born in Hampshire and died in the neighbouring county of Berkshire, after living practically all her life in this limited area, was a delightful writer whose books have brought many pilgrims to the places associated with her name, because she wrote with a conquering charm about them; and yet her heart was unsatisfied. What she wanted to do was to win fame as a poet, preferably as a mighty dramatist.



Mary Mitford

It was far too ambitious a task. But what she actually did, though she slighted it as unworthy of herself, has given her a place, lasting though somewhat small, in the story of English books. She pictured, with true art, the lives of all kinds of ordinary people among whom she lived.

For that, and for her long fidelity to a worthless father, she stands out a clear figure in the literary history of the nineteenth century.

It is strange how many of the most famous writing women had unsatisfactory fathers; but perhaps the most really detestable father of a clever woman was Dr George Mitford.

Fortunes Frittered Away

He belonged to a well-known North Country family and began life with ample means. After qualifying as a doctor and disposing of most of his money he made a fresh start by marrying Mary Russell, a Hampshire heiress, ten years older than himself. By the time the daughter of the marriage, Mary Russell Mitford, was ten years old her father's unrestrained extravagance, sporting instincts, and gambling had greatly reduced the mother's patrimony. Then, for the third time, George Mitford's purse was replenished. The child Mary drew the winning ticket in a lottery for £20,000. The only good fortune it brought to the girl was a satisfactory education; but in 12 years all had been frittered away.

First and last the man whose duty it was to provide for the mother and daughter had squandered £70,000.

While this had been going on Mary Mitford had been publishing books of her poems, which did not pay then and are not read now. The family removed into a little wayside cottage, and the daughter set about the task of providing them with a living. She turned to the stage and wrote three dramas, which were fairly successful. But they did not provide a solid living.

Our Village

Then it was that Mary Mitford started writing, under the title *Our Village*, the descriptive country sketches that preserve her name. They were simple, faithful, humorous, and deeply humane. They became immensely popular, and her sketches were paid for handsomely. And yet her father absorbed all the proceeds, and the family remained on the borders of poverty. Though the country put Mary Mitford on its pension list for £100 a year, when her father died five years later she declared that she had not been able to buy herself any new clothes for four years.

Mary Mitford, who died on January 10, 1855, outlived her father 12 years, in broken health; but she went on writing books, including interesting *Recollections*, for she knew many famous people. She was small, plain, with a keen eye and silvery voice. She lives, and will live, by her book *Our Village* and the sad story of her life-long sacrifice to selfishness.

"the" Mincemeat

Put it
there



RECIPE FOR MINCE PIES...

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3. Roll half of paste very thin. Line patty tins.
4. Put one tablespoonful of

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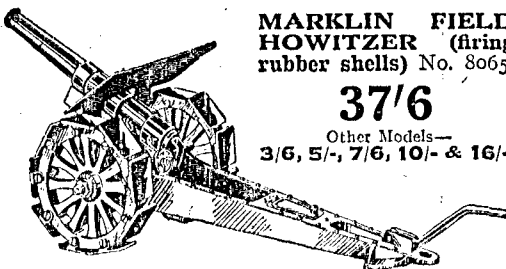
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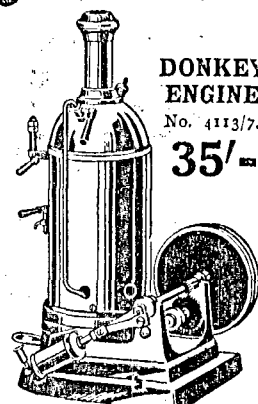
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TWELVE GIRLS AND A VILLAGE

Public Service Before Play

By Our Hungary Correspondent

Every year women are conquering more and more fields which used to belong to men.

In the little Hungarian town of Rákosszentmihály there is an organised fire brigade of girls which is an extremely efficient one. In the small country towns and villages of Hungary the men are often working in the fields all day, and if a fire breaks out it may easily happen that a homestead will be burned to ashes before they can be summoned to the spot. This gave the Chief of the Fire Brigade the idea of utilising the services of girls just out of school who can be called into action at a moment's notice.

It was not long before twelve eager girls were enrolled who at once entered into the spirit of their work with laudable zest and zeal. Now the little band is so well trained that the Chief of the Fire Brigade is said to purr with satisfaction every time he sees it drilling. Tennis and dancing, skating and frocks, though still delightful at their proper time, have sunk to a secondary place; while pluck and discipline, efficiency and determination, have come into their own.

Meanwhile the men of Rákosszentmihály go out to their work with a quiet mind, knowing that 24 sturdy and capable hands are always ready to keep danger from their homes.

INSECTS BY THE MILLION

Two pounds a million, or about a half-penny a thousand, is being paid in California for tiny wasps which prey on the eggs of the destructive insects that attack the lemon trees of that country.

The wasps are reared at Riverside, California, and are being shipped in large quantities to fruit-growers.

ADVENTURE ON

It is fitting that the Poet Laureate of England should tell in prose and song the life-story of a beautiful English ship.

Mr Masfield was himself a sailor and, like all good Englishmen, he loves the old sailing ships that moved like queens over the waters. Among the lovely ships he has known there was none like The Wanderer, whose story he has now written under that name.

She was built in Liverpool and her owner strove to make her the strongest and most beautiful ship afloat, and he succeeded. Even in Liverpool, in 1890, a sailing ship of nearly 3000 tons setting two skysails was a rare sight. Nothing finer had been done or ever will be done, it was said, and we, looking at her picture in Mr Masfield's book, can well believe this.

In the Terror of the Storm

It was on October 17 that she sailed. Her owner wished to delay because he feared a gale, but the captain would not change his plans. She sailed, and in stirring lines the Poet Laureate tells of her first disastrous voyage. During the terrible storm which struck her almost at once the captain was hit on the head by the swinging main skysail as he let off blue lights amidships to warn other vessels, and shortly afterwards he died.

When the terror of the storm was over The Wanderer was towed into Kings-town, and on October 25 she was brought back to Liverpool. This is Mr Masfield's description of her home-coming.

She was an image of such glory and beauty in desolation as I shall never forget. Her broken spars had been secured in the swiftness of the lower rigging. The rags of her sails, fluttering from her yards, gleamed in the sun. I have seen much beauty, but she was the most beautiful thing.

That was not the last voyage nor the last sorrow of The Wanderer. She carried more than 4000 tons across all the oceans of the world by means of the winds of heaven, and for some time she stood the angry buffeting of wind and sea. But, in spite of all her beauty, she was known as an unlucky ship.

She killed her captain; men fell from aloft and overboard from her; others died or broke bones in her; she lost some spars; she took charge of her tugs; her cargoes shifted; she was on fire once and ashore four times; and at last she was sunk.

Beauty Eternal

After telling the story of The Wanderer's last voyage, in which she was struck by a steamer and had to be abandoned, the Poet Laureate ends with these fine words:

Since nothing could save her, men blasted the wreck from the stream,
And left her dead bones in the quicksand full fathom five down.

Herself is not there, being Beauty Eternal, alive. She wanders the waters of thought, past disasters, past hates,
Past the world's disapproval, across the black seas of despair,

And on, beyond anguish, to havens of peace whence she brings
Hope, Mercy, and Courage, all gentle and beautiful things.

It is a fine story our Poet Laureate has to tell. He is one of a line of English poets who have loved the seas and have sung of the ships that sail them a song of courage and hope and adventure.

Adventure on and, if you suffer, swear
That the next venture shall have less to fear.
Your way will be retrodden, make it fair.

That is the refrain Mr Masfield heard as he looked upon this loveliest of ships, and that is the refrain he passes on to us. *Adventure on!*

THE LEAGUE AND THE MOSQUITO

Hard After Him

By Our League Correspondent

The idea that the people of Melanesia would greatly benefit if a mosquito survey could be made of their islands was a message brought to the Health Committee of the League of Nations by a delegate of Australia.

He knew that a survey had been made of the general health conditions of New Guinea and that many problems are beyond the powers of the local authorities to solve, malaria being one of them.

Though the malaria-bearing mosquito had his death-knell sounded thirty years ago, unfortunately he still flourishes. The League Malaria Committee is hot on his track today.

Europe having been thoroughly explored in search of ways and means of exterminating him, tours are now to be made in Africa and the Dutch East Indies. Colonial doctors intending to take up anti-malaria work will attend courses of study arranged by the League, and a collective tour of experts from tropical countries is to be organised.

THE OLD MEN AND THEIR THRUSHES

We think of China as a land of civil war, but here is a peaceful picture of the palaces and parks and squalor of Peking as seen by one of our travelling correspondents.

This evening, as the Sun set and the Moon rose, I passed under the great rose gateways to the Forbidden City, to stroll among the old gnarled trees of the temple courtyards.

It was the hour when the old men take their thrushes for a walk along the moat, serenely smiling. Some of the birds were in cages, others rode perched on a twig or a finger.

MODERN WOODCRAFT

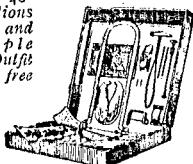
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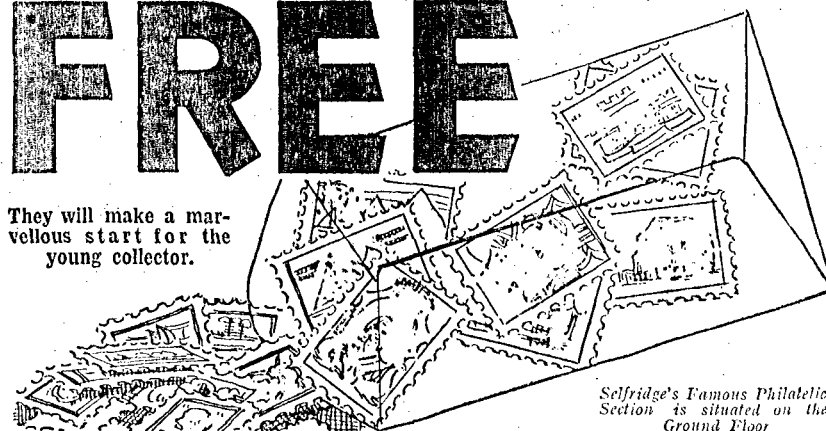


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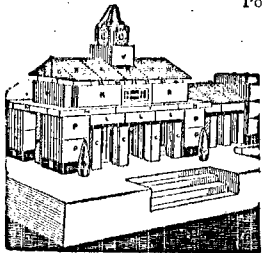
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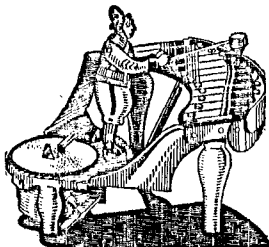
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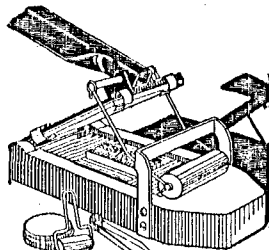
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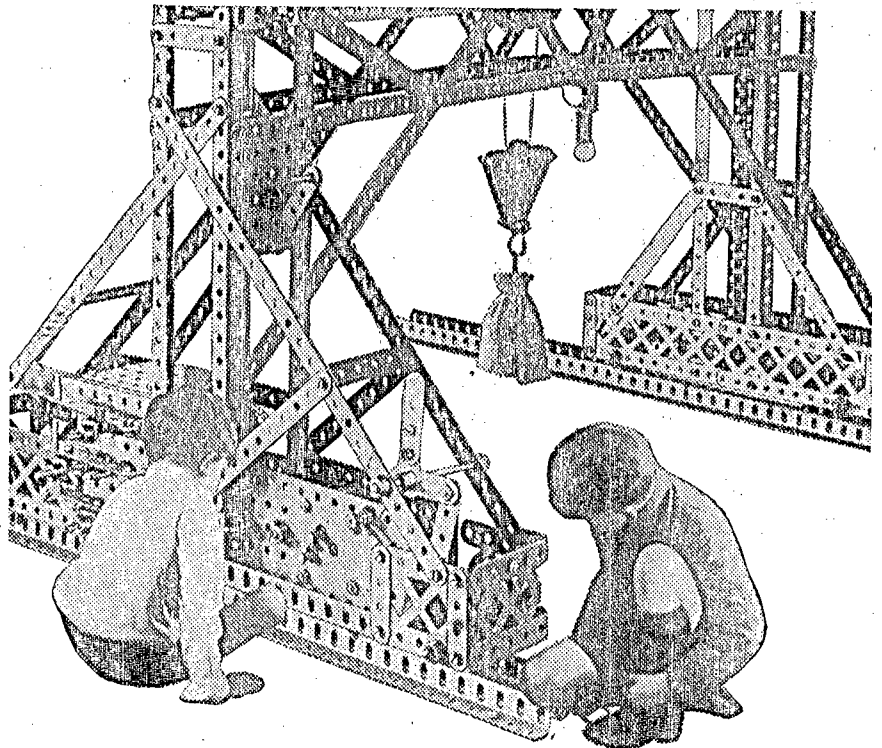
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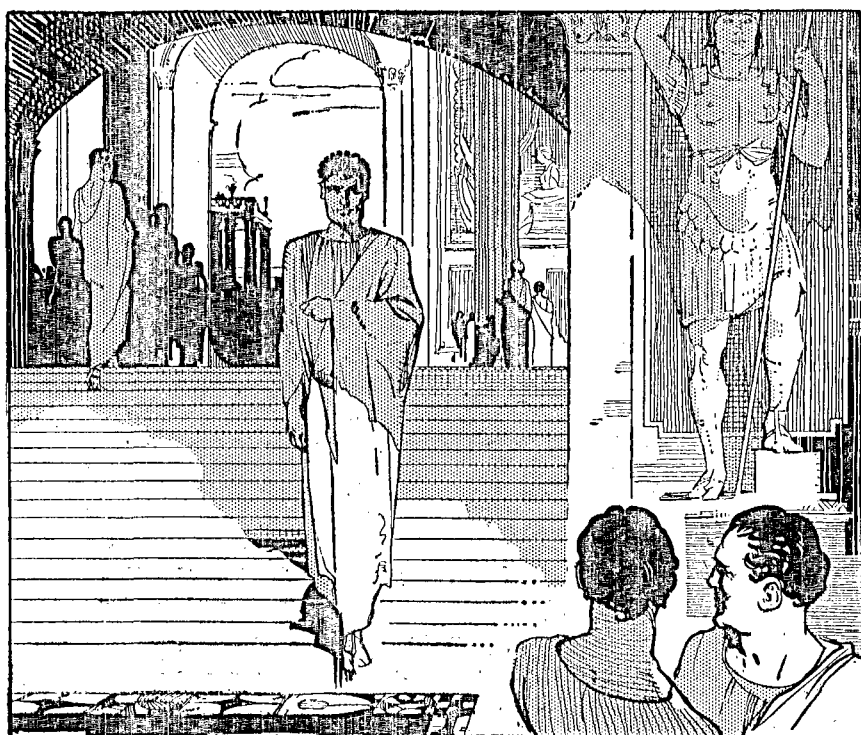
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THE GREEN DOOR

Serial Story by
John Halden

CHAPTER 23

A Neat Trick

For a moment Tony could not believe his eyes. Felicity gone? But he had only turned his back on her for two minutes, and she had been within a couple of feet of him the whole time! If she had been attacked why hadn't she called to him for help? He remembered the deafening noise of the electric drills. They would effectually have drowned any cry for help.

Then why hadn't she caught hold of him to warn him? He was all the time within reach of her hand. Could it be possible that she went with her assailants without a struggle, or even left him of her own accord?

Suddenly the whole affair became clear to him. That taxicab that had drawn up beside theirs for a moment and then slipped away! Suppose that while he was shouting to the driver, his head and shoulders out of the window, intent only on making himself heard above the din, the door of that other cab had quietly opened and a man stepped across the intervening yard or so to their cab. Perhaps he had chloroform ready on his handkerchief. At any rate, he would have known how to seize the girl's hands lest she warn Tony, and her startled cry would not have been heard.

It was diabolically neat; Tony felt his indignation rising till everything else was forgotten in his desire to find Felicity's assailant and have it out with him.

"Driver," he shouted, "did you notice anything strange about that taxicab that passed us just now?"

"Only that it had a very slippery driver," returned the man. "It makes me boil to think how he got through and left me stewing here—me, Jim Welby, twenty-seven years owning and driving my own cab!"

"Hard luck!" said Tony, beside himself with anxiety he could not share. "Do you think you could catch it up and get your own back?"

"I'd like nothing better, sir, but there's no chance now."

"You didn't notice its number?"

The man shook his head, being intent on threading his way through another opening that had appeared.

"There's still a chance of getting you to that train, sir. I'll do my best."

Tony sat down heavily on the seat. For a moment he had forgotten the promise which Felicity, having a premonition of what might happen to her, had made him give her. In fairness to Felicity, he must leave her to take her chances with her captors alone, and he himself must go to Byewell and search for the letter which was to put her and her uncle out of the power of Edgar Speers and his gang.

Tony would have faced Edgar Speers and all his villainous associates rather than leave Felicity at this moment, but his duty was clear, and it was a very despondent figure that leaped from the cab and dashed into the station in the nick of time for the train to Byewell.

He waved goodbye to the beaming cabman, whose round, red face was still shining with satisfaction at having got his fare to the station on time in spite of "that slippery young rascal in Holborn," quite unconscious of the real design of his rival.

All the way down on the train Tony brooded over the adventure in which the past few hours had plunged him.

It seemed impossible that only yesterday afternoon he had left his school, expecting an empty and disappointing holiday. He reviewed the situation with a wry chuckle. A strange girl had appealed to him on the train asking him to help her regain possession of a stolen gold cup and a million pounds. Since then he had been twice nearly drowned in the Thames, beaten within an inch of his life, had climbed into a strange house at midnight, been chased across the roofs, with a police whistle sounding behind him, and now, bitterest of all, had had the girl whom he was trying to protect stolen from him by her enemies in the middle of a busy thoroughfare in Holborn in broad daylight.

"It will make a story to tell the fellows next term," he chuckled, "though they'll have a time believing it. Only"—he caught himself up—"I'll have to find that letter and put a good ending to the story or I shall never have the face to speak of it!"

He found himself wishing that he had found out more about the old millionaire's residence from Felicity before embarking on this very dubious attempt to search it for the hidden letter. Still, he could hardly have foreseen that Felicity was going to be captured.

As he mused he grew more and more sleepy, and the next thing he knew was the

rough hand of the guard on his shoulder, shaking him awake.

To his surprise, it was quite dark beyond the carriage window. Some lights flashed by. He looked at his watch. Half-past seven.

"I say, guard, we haven't passed Byewell, have we?"

The guard turned back from the door.

"Not yet," he said, "but you'd have missed it if I hadn't waked you. I never saw a boy sleep like you, and at this time of evening too! Byewell is the next station."

So that was that, thought Tony, realising that he was extremely empty inside. He hoped Byewell boasted something more substantial than a teasop. Failing that, there might be a station restaurant, though it was unlikely from what he had heard of the size of the town.

Tony was still not more than half awake when he stumbled out of the train on to a dark, deserted platform. It was no wonder he was sleepy, for he had a strenuous and sleepless night and day behind him.

After much search he found a porter.

"Byewell House?" said the man, in response to Tony's question. "First up the road to the left leads you to the lodge gates."

"Will there be anyone at the lodge?" asked Tony.

"Not likely. I hasn't been anyone since the old man took the place. He was what you call a hermit. Now the house is shut up too. People are wondering what is to become of it."

Tony could have enlightened him, but he wished to be off as quickly as possible. So far as he knew he had got free of the unwelcome attentions of Edgar Speers and his associates. On leaving the train he had looked carefully to see if anyone followed him on to the platform. Unfortunately, the platform was very dimly lighted and he did not see the two shadowy figures that sprang from the train just as it pulled out, and were even now lurking silently in the darkness at the end of the platform.

CHAPTER 24

At Byewell House

Tony gave up his ticket to the station-master.

"Is there anywhere near by where one could get something to eat?" he asked.

"Well, there's Mrs Catsby's cottage down the road," responded the man. "She serves teas to charabanc parties when one of them comes this way."

Tony sighed. He had had something more substantial in mind than tea, but perhaps Mrs Catsby might be persuaded to add an egg or two to her usual fare.

"Do I pass it on the way to the house?" "It's just on your right beyond the first bend. You'll see the sign."

"Thanks. Good-night. Oh, by the way, when is the next train back to London?"

"There is a milk train at five."

"Excellent."

Tony hesitated, for he was wondering if it were better to ask this man not to mention to anyone that he had been asked about Byewell House. He decided it would only rouse suspicion. In any case, although Tony did not know it such a precaution would have been useless, for the men from whom he wished to keep his movements secret had heard every word of his conversation.

Tony walked briskly down the dark country road looking for Mrs Catsby's cottage. Here and there a gleam from a lighted window made him turn his head wistfully toward it and the figures beyond of comfortable people beside their fire. Their security seemed a long way from him now.

At last a white signboard appeared above the road, announcing "Teas." This must be Mrs Catsby's. Tony went through the gate in the hedge and up a little flagged path to the door. A pleasant, red-checked little woman answered his knock.

"I hope I'm not a nuisance coming this time of evening," Tony said diffidently, "but do you think you could let me have some tea and something to eat?"

"Why, yes," returned Mrs Catsby hospitably. "Come right in. We've had our supper, but I can get you something very soon. Just sit you down and warm yourself by the fire."

Tony obeyed gratefully. There was great comfort in the homely simplicity about him. He felt a sudden security which was not, as it happened, justified.

Two shadowy figures stood in Mrs Catsby's garden, and peeped occasionally through the uncurtained window to watch

Continued on page 18



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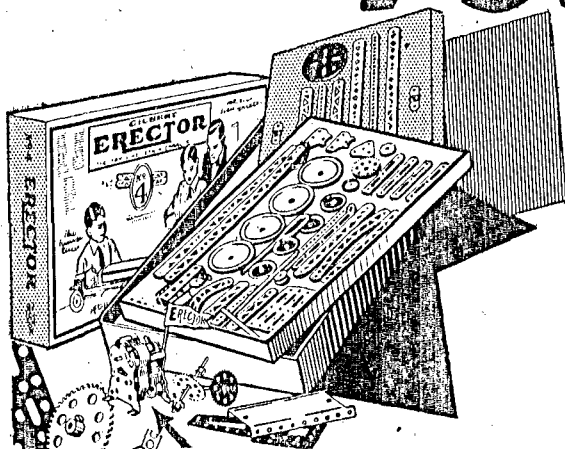
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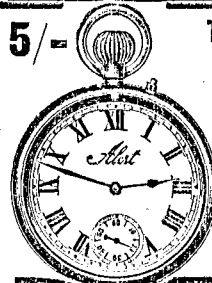
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BIGSBY (Dept. C.N.), WEST DULWICH, S.E. 21.

Continued from page 16

Tony wolfing sweet country eggs and crisp lettuce, and a mountain of bread-and-butter. Quietly they stood in the shadow of a tree while motherly Mrs. Catsby told Tony to be careful to wrap his muffler well about his face, and, silently as shadows, they followed him up the road.

Tony passed by the ruined lodge and along the weedy carriage drive toward Byewell House, which stood, an enormous, empty hulk, at the head of the drive. A wintry moon scudding between the clouds showed its black windows.

Tony had an electric torch in his pocket, and by now he was remarkably hardened to entering sinister-looking houses at night, but his heart sank to see how big the place was. "It will take a week to search that place!" he muttered to himself. "And suppose my torch battery gives out!" He dared not think of what might happen to Felicity and her uncle if he took too long over his errand.

Tony was standing conspicuously in the middle of the weedy drive, plainly illumined by the Moon. Keeping him well in sight, two men, in the shadows, were conferring in puzzled tones.

"It's perfectly impossible that the cup is hidden here, I tell you," said one. "How could he have got it here in the time?"

"He may have an accomplice and have sent it down," said the other doubtfully. "Or perhaps he had brought it with him and means to hide it here. I say we ought to jump on him now and take it."

"I tell you he can't have it on him. Didn't I search him myself back in Dead Cat Alley? And haven't we had him under our eye ever since?"

"Well, it was your bright idea that we should let him go straight to where the cup was hidden. Now here we are and the cup is hidden in London. The young brat is only leading us a dance."

"If I thought that, I'd—"

"Come on, then. He's only one against the two of us. There's no one about. We can do as we please with him."

"Wait a minute," whispered the other. "That boy is here for a purpose. Watch what he does."

Tony had begun to move toward the house, examining it as best he could to learn how to enter it most easily. The

doors, he knew, would be barred. He did not even try them. But he noticed that a white curtain flapped in the moonlight at one of the attic windows. Beneath it was a thick growth of ivy.

Making sure that his electric torch was at hand, Tony swarmed up the ivy toward that open window.

The ivy held him; in a few minutes he had swung himself over the sill of the little window.

The house was dark and breathless. Tony had an uncomfortable feeling that he was being watched from the blackness on each side of him. He snapped on his torch and swung the streak of light round him. Nothing there but dust and neglect.

Tony had made up his mind to search Larkin's room first. If the man had been obliged to hide the letter at the last moment it seemed likely that he would have put it in some place familiar to himself. So, saving his light as much as possible, for he very much feared that the battery might run down, Tony made his way through the dark, echoing house. Rats scurried in the wainscoting, dust rose up in choking clouds when he bumped against the heavy old furniture, and once he was certain he heard footsteps behind him.

Again he heard the sound of footsteps, treading softly and stealthily in the room he had just left. His hair rose on his scalp.

"Who is there?" he shouted; but only the echoes of his own voice came back to him.

At last he came to a room that had apparently been occupied within the past few weeks. He found evidences that it had been Larkin's room. With a long breath of relief and hope he began to search this room more carefully than he had searched the others. He turned over the mattress on the bed, pulled open the drawers, and examined the wardrobe. Nothing. A few cheap novels had stood on a table beside the bed. Tony had brushed them to the floor in his search.

Suddenly, as he flashed his light over the room, he saw a bit of paper sticking half out of one of them. He snatched at it, saw the words "My dear Josiah," written in a shaking hand, and at that moment the battery of his torch gave out.

A rough voice came from the darkness. "Hand that over!" it said.

TO BE CONTINUED

JACKO JOINS THE DUCKS

EVERYBODY knows that it is forbidden to walk among the flower-beds in Monkeyville Park. Jacko knew it quite well, but it seemed to make no difference to him.

Twice in one morning the park-keeper had found him trespassing, and had ordered him off.

"No fear!" replied Jacko, darting away. The keeper went after him.

"Stop him!" he shouted. "He's got a watch that doesn't belong to him!"

Jacko, still grinning, ran all the faster. He flew on till he got to the suspension bridge; then, slipping through the bars, he wriggled himself underneath.



There he hung, wondering how long he could hold out

Jacko only grinned, leaped on to the path, and as soon as the man's back was turned leaped back again.

It wasn't that he wanted to study botany; Jacko hardly knew a hyacinth from an onion; he just loved to be contrary, as his mother put it.

"This is the third time I've warned you to keep off these flower-beds," roared the man as he caught sight of Jacko, not ten minutes later, standing in a bed of crocus bulbs. "If I catch you at it again I'll take my stick to you."

"Look what I've found," said Jacko, holding out a watch which he had just picked up.

The keeper opened his eyes.

"Give that to me," he said sternly.

And there he hung, wondering how long he could hold out.

The ducks came up to have a look at him. And so did his old enemy the keeper.

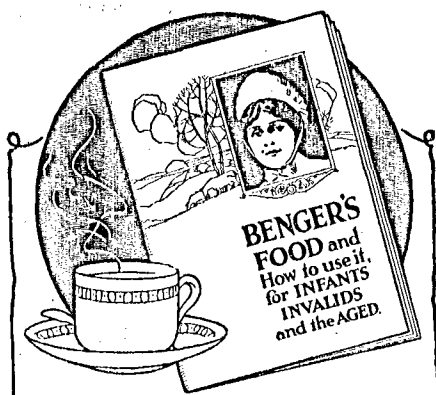
"Ha! Now I've got you!" he exclaimed. "Now will you hand over that watch you've stolen?"

"I haven't stolen it," said Jacko, feeling less and less secure every moment. "It's the Mater's. I was taking it to be mended. . . . Help!"

There was a splash—and Jacko was in the water.

The ducking didn't do him any harm, for he soon scrambled out. But it didn't improve the watch.

Father Jacko had something to say about that when he came home.



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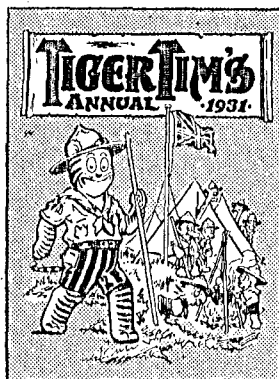
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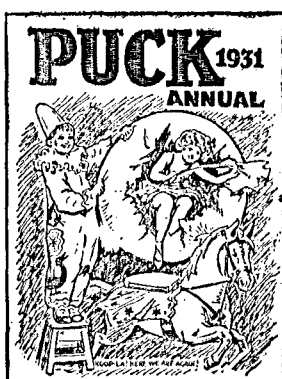
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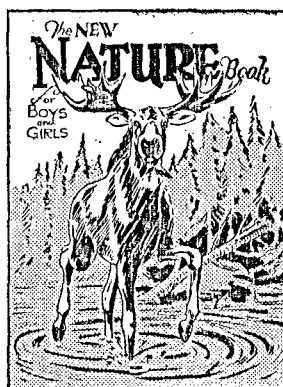
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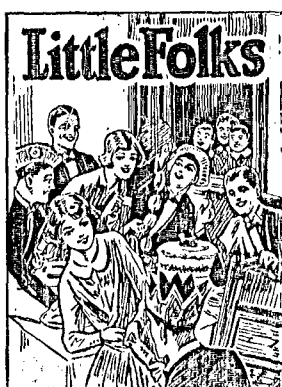
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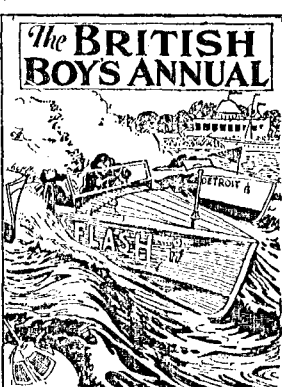
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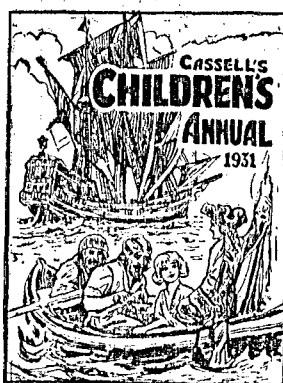
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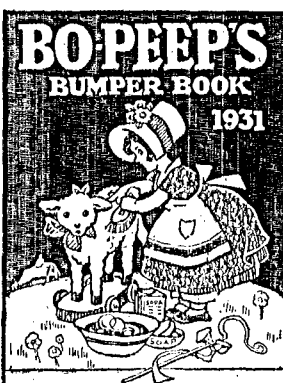
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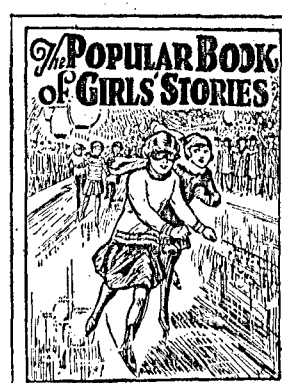
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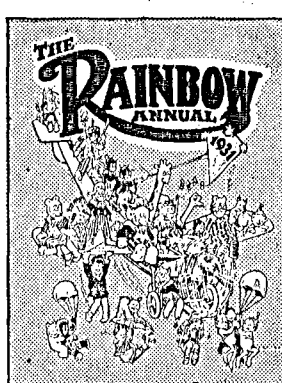
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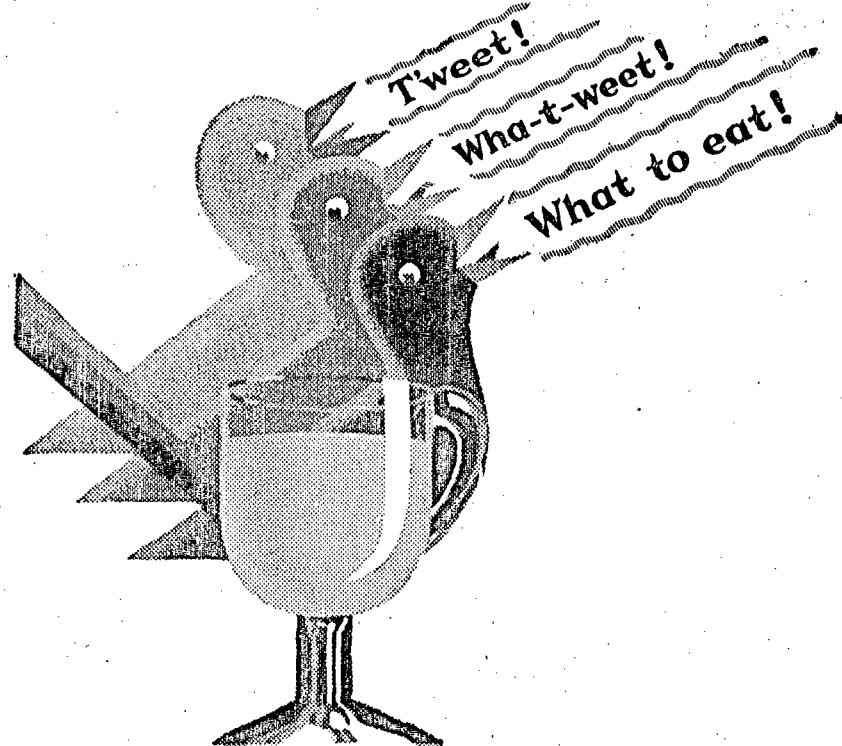


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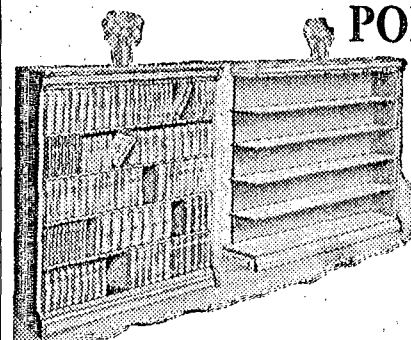


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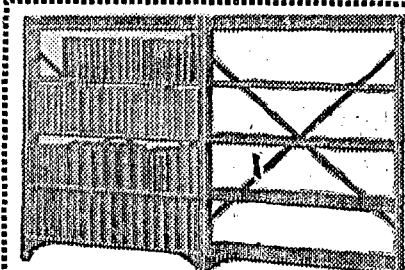
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Initial Bay 4ft. 6 ins. high, 3 ft. 2½ ins. wide, with 4-adjustable shelves 8 ins. deep. **£3 17 6**

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The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

December 13, 1930

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year (Canada 14s).

THE BRAN TUB

Double Profits

JOHN sold a football to Ted at a profit of ten per cent. Ted resold the ball to George at a profit of ten per cent.

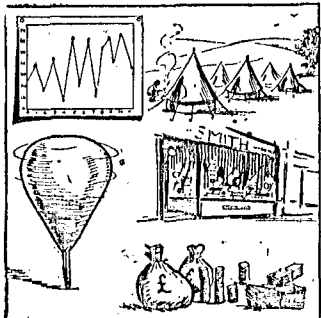
If George paid £1 0s 2d for the ball how much did it cost John?

Answer next week

Where It Comes From

Allspice. This flavouring matter, which is also known by the name of Jamaica pepper, is made from the berries of a shrub similar to the myrtle. It is cultivated in the West Indies, particularly Jamaica, and the berries are gathered in an unripe state and dried in the sun.

A Picture Puzzle



FIND the names of the objects shown in these pictures and then, by taking two consecutive letters from each word, spell the name of an instrument that can be found in many homes.

Answer next week

Diagonal Acrostic

FILL in the letters across to make the words described. When this has been done correctly the central diagonal line, represented by noughts, will make the name of an English lake.

O***** New Zealand city.
*O***** English cathedral city.
O*** Part of Yugo-Slavia.
O** Stringed instruments.
****O***** Northern county.
*****O***** A garden climber.
*****O***** Act of settling.
*****O***** Expression of regard.
*****O***** Cathedral city.
*****O***** Sussex seaside resort.

Answer next week

Let On Parle Français

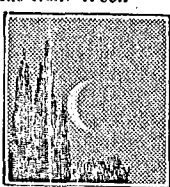


Le fromage Le poussin Le bouchon

Pourquoi ce fromage est-il entamé? Ce poussin est nouvellement éclos. J'ai le bouchon: où est le flacon?

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Venus is in the South-East. In the evening Jupiter and Mars are in the East, and Uranus is in the South. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 8 a.m. on Tuesday, December 16.



Biblical Characters

THE names of fifteen people mentioned in the Bible are added together here. The letters forming the names are placed in their correct order, the first name obviously being JAEI and the next ELI. Can you find the other thirteen characters?

JAEI LISHABELABANERIAHABIELIJAH

Answer next week

Mistletoe

MANY people seem to think that mistletoe grows only on the apple tree. This is a mistake, for the curious parasite has been found on a great variety of trees.

In Britain it is most common of all on the black poplar, but it has also been found on the oak, lime, pear, sycamore, and hawthorn, to mention only a few kinds. On the Continent mistletoe frequently

establishes itself on some sorts of fir tree. In Normandy, where mistletoe is largely grown by the peasants for the English market, the plant is cultivated on many kinds of fruit trees. It is even grown on gooseberry bushes, and sometimes the tuft of the parasite is almost as large as the host plant that bears it.

There is an idea in France that mistletoe makes trees more fruitful, and this may to some extent be correct. The roots of the parasite will interfere with the movement of the sap, and such a condition is likely to make a tree produce fruit buds rather than a profusion of buds that will only develop leaves.

Jumbled Syllables

HERE are the names of ten towns in England divided into syllables and mixed up. Can you find them?

Ton, ling, roth, ford, ex, don, quay, pool, der, wich, er, ter, brad, lu, liv, ham, et, er, cas, by, nor, ton, new, er, dar.

Answer next week

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

A Motor-Car Trip. 39 gallons

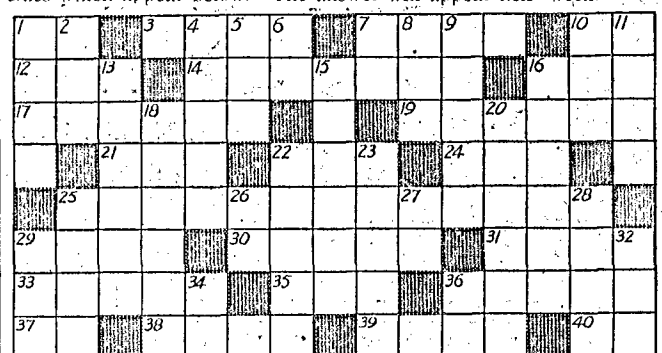
A Horticultural Shuffle

Dandelion, narcissus, campanula. The Square

There are eight houses on each side of the square, so Number 32 is opposite Number 19.

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 48 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by an asterisk among the clues which appear below. The answer will appear next week.



Reading Across. 1. Denotes contiguity. 3. A contest of speed.

7. An implement. 10. Saint.* 12. A bright, warm colour. 14. Ideas. 16. The ocean. 17. Power exerted. 19. One or the other. 21. Nothing. 22. Incombustible residue. 24. An age. 25. A popular entertainment. 29. A stump of branch on a tree. 30. The scene of a contest. 31. An equal. 33. Undersides of the feet. 35. Poetical term for to open. 36. Father of a great queen. 37. French for and. 38. To restrain. 39. Barks. 40. French for of.

Reading Down. 1. A yard. 2. Five and five. 4. A corner. 5. Reserved. 6. Same as 37 across. 7. In the direction of. 8. Undivided. 9. A willow. 10. To perceive. 11. Small mountain lake. 13. A contradiction. 15. Part of the foot. 16. Formed. 18. One who rings. 20. To walk about in idle fashion. 22. Brother of Moses. 23. Collected by bees. 25. A tie. 26. Master of Arts.* 27. Georgia.* 28. A crowd. 29. Compass point.* 32. A cereal plant. 34. Between South and East.* 36. Horsepower.*

DR. MERRYMAN

Cut Off

JINKS: I suppose Hinks gave you a description of his experiences in his usual flowery language?

Binks: He tried to, but I nipped it in the bud.

Hence the Traffic Problem

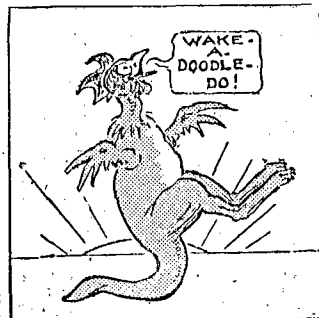
THE local motor-agent was a keen student of human nature.

"I think it is time to sell the De Smythe-Joneses a car," he said one day to his manager.

"What makes you think so, sir?"

"Well," said the agent, "you must remember that their neighbours have just bought a new one."

A Zooriosity



The Kangarooster

AT dawn precisely this queer fowl

Hops nimbly from his perch, And shortly for the early worms He institutes a search.

But ere to breakfast he attends, To let his neighbours know That it is time for them to rise He gives a mighty crow.

Surprising

THE new maid worked very well but she needed a lot of prompting.

"I hope you give the goldfish plenty of water," the mistress said one day.

"But, mum," was the reply, "they have not yet drunk all I gave them a fortnight ago."

Not to be Caught

Two Negroes were often sent out together on the same jobs, and the tools required were placed in one bag. One morning Rastus, feeling rather lazy, pinned to the bag a note which read:

"Have forgotten the tool-bag, Sam. Please bring it along."

On reading this Sam was puzzled for a moment or two; then he turned the paper over and wrote this message:

"Didn't see your note, Rastus. Bring the tool-bag along yourself."

TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

EDMUND's mother said they really must put down some traps for the mice, for they were eating the food in the larder and nibbling the cupboard doors.

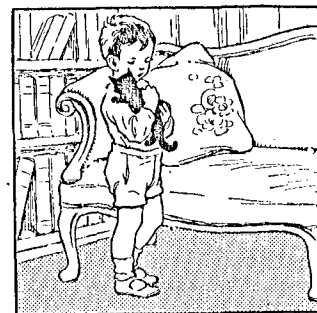
So Edmund used to go round every morning and look at the traps to see if any mice had been caught. But either the traps didn't work properly or the mice were too clever, for not a single mouse was caught.

Then one morning Edmund heard a little noise under the sofa. He lay down flat on the floor, quite sure that he was going to see a mouse this time. But he could only see a little dark ball, and when he put out his hand to touch it there was a faint "Mi-ow."

It was a tiny kitten.

He rushed to his mother with it.

"Mummy," he cried, "do look what I've found under



"Look what I've found!"

the sofa! Isn't it pretty? Oh, may I keep it?"

"Why, it must be one of Mrs Snow's kittens from next door," said Mummy; "you

had better take it back to her, darling."

Edmund was very disappointed, but he went off to take the kitten home. In a minute or two he was back again in great excitement.

"Mummy, Mrs Snow says I can have Smut for my very own if you'll let me," he cried.

"I'm afraid you can't, darling; you know Daddy doesn't like cats," said Mummy.

"May I ask him this evening?" pleaded Edmund.

"Oh, yes, I don't mind your keeping the kitten if Daddy doesn't object," his mother answered.

When Daddy came home in the evening and was changing into his slippers he picked one up and looked at it.

EDMUND'S MOUSETRAP

"I do believe those wretched mice have been nibbling my shoes," he said crossly. "Haven't we caught them yet?"

"Not one," said Mummy. "Those traps are no good at all," grumbled Daddy.

Edmund rushed out of the room and came back hugging the kitten in his arms.

"Daddy," he cried, "I've a lovely mousetrap here to catch the mice—a real live proper one. Mrs Snow gave him to me this morning. Do let me keep him! May I?"

And Daddy laughed and said: "All right, Edmund, you can keep your trap, and we'll see how it works!"

And Smut purred to show how pleased he was to belong to Edmund.

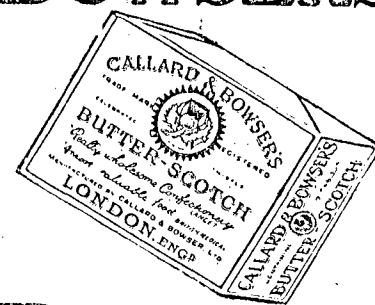
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